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MURDER MOST FOUL! THE ROLL OF HISTORY TELLS OF MANY GREAT MEN BROUGHT TO UNTIMELY DEATHS! BUT WHEN HISTORY STARTS TO REPEAT ITS BLOODY PAGES UPON THEIR LIVING NAMESAKES, THEN THOSE TWO TORRID CRIME FIGHTERS, **TORCH AND TORO**, MUST FIND A FLAMING ANSWER TO THE VIOLENCE OF...

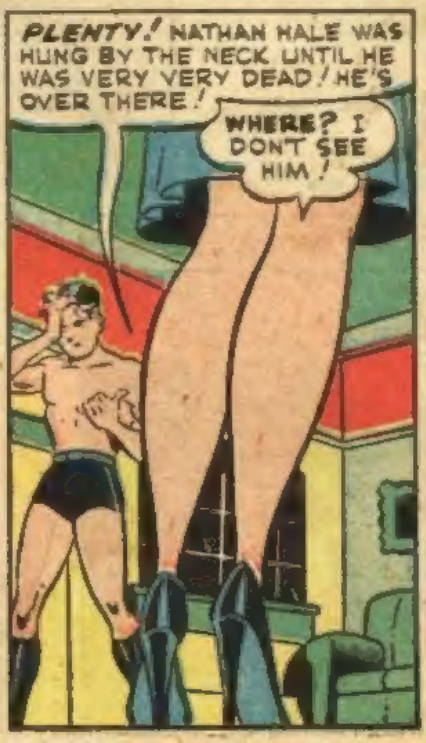
"MURDERS FROM THE PAST!"

Even TORCH AND TORO HAVE THEIR MOMENTS OF QUIET AND REST. THE TROUBLE IS, THE MOMENTS DON'T LAST VERY LONG...
SOMEBODY'S AT THE DOOR! I'LL GET IT, TORCH!
I NEED YOUR HELP— IMMEDIATELY! YOU MUST NOT REFUSE ME!
COME RIGHT IN!
THIS IS TORCH...
THERE'S NO TIME TO WASTE! A FRIEND CALLED ME! HE IS IN TERRIBLE DANGER!
HIS NAME IS NATHAN HALE! HE'S AFRAID HE'LL DIE BY HANGING, JUST LIKE HIS NAMESAKE, THE FAMOUS AMERICAN PATRIOT!
HE SOUNDS LIKE A CASE FOR A PSYCHIATRIST! WHY DOESN'T HE CALL THE POLICE?
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! HE'S RECEIVED THREATS JUST LIKE ALL OF US! THE POLICE LAUGH AND SAY THEY'RE CRANK NOTES! BUT TONIGHT HE CALLED TO SAY SOMEONE WAS LURKING AROUND HIS HOUSE!
HE LIVES AT 44 REGENT PLACE! GO THERE, QUICKLY. I'LL FOLLOW AS SOON AS I CAN! PLEASE!
THIS IS PROBABLY A WILD GOOSE CHASE! BUT I'M CONVINCED YOUR FEAR IS GENUINE!
SOON...
I NEVER COULD REFUSE A LADY! WE'RE ON OUR WAY, TORO!
2

LOOK, TORCH...
WE'RE TOO LATE, TORO!
HE'S DEAD, BY HANGING!
JUST AS THE GIRL FEARED!
MAYBE SHE KNEW IT! MAYBE SHE PLANNED THE JOB! STAY HERE AND SEE IF SHE SHOWS UP, TORO! I'LL LOOK AROUND THE HOUSE!
NATHAN HALE'S BODY WAS STILL WARM, SO THERE'S JUST A CHANCE THE KILLER IS STILL CLOSE BY!
Meanwhile...
LET'S GO, BOYS! LINCOLN IS NEXT!
O.K., TURTLE!
WHAT ARE YOU CHARACTERS UP TO?
HOLD IT! THE TORCH!
3

BULLETS... HA... USELESS AGAINST MY FLAMES!
WHY DON'T YOU JUST LIE DOWN AND GIVE UP QUIETLY!
SO BULLETS CAN'T PIERCE HIS SHIELD OF FLAME, EH? BUT THE TURTLE DOES NOT ADMIT DEFEAT SO EASILY! HERE'S SOMETHING THAT WILL STOP HIM!
THE LAWN SPRINKLERS! HA-HA! WATER IS THE BEST ANTIDOTE FOR FIRE!
PRETTY CLEVER, TURTLE! BUT WHAT'S THE ANTIDOTE FOR A GOOD PUNCH IN THE JAW?
THIS!
OHHHHHH!
4

Minutes later...



YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF QUESTIONS TO ANSWER! HOW DID YOU KNOW HALE WAS GOING TO DIE? HOW COME YOU ARRIVED JUST AFTER I WAS SLUGGED? WHO ARE YOU, ANYWAY?

MY NAME IS CLEOPATRA!

THAT DOES IT! WE'LL FIND TORCH, AND SEE IF HE ENJOYS YOUR PRACTICAL JOKES!

BUT-BUT MY NAME REALLY IS CLEOPATRA

TELL IT TO THE MARINES, SISTER! I STOPPED BELIEVING IN FAIRY TALES WHEN I-, TORCH!

THAT'S A NASTY-LOOKING BULLET CREASE ON HIS HEAD! IT NEARLY FINISHED HIM!

WHO DID IT?

THAT'S ANOTHER QUESTION I WANT ANSWERED, MISS CLEOPATRA! AS SOON AS TORCH FEELS BETTER, WE'LL TAKE A TRIP DOWN TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS!

HELLO, KID! I'M OKAY!

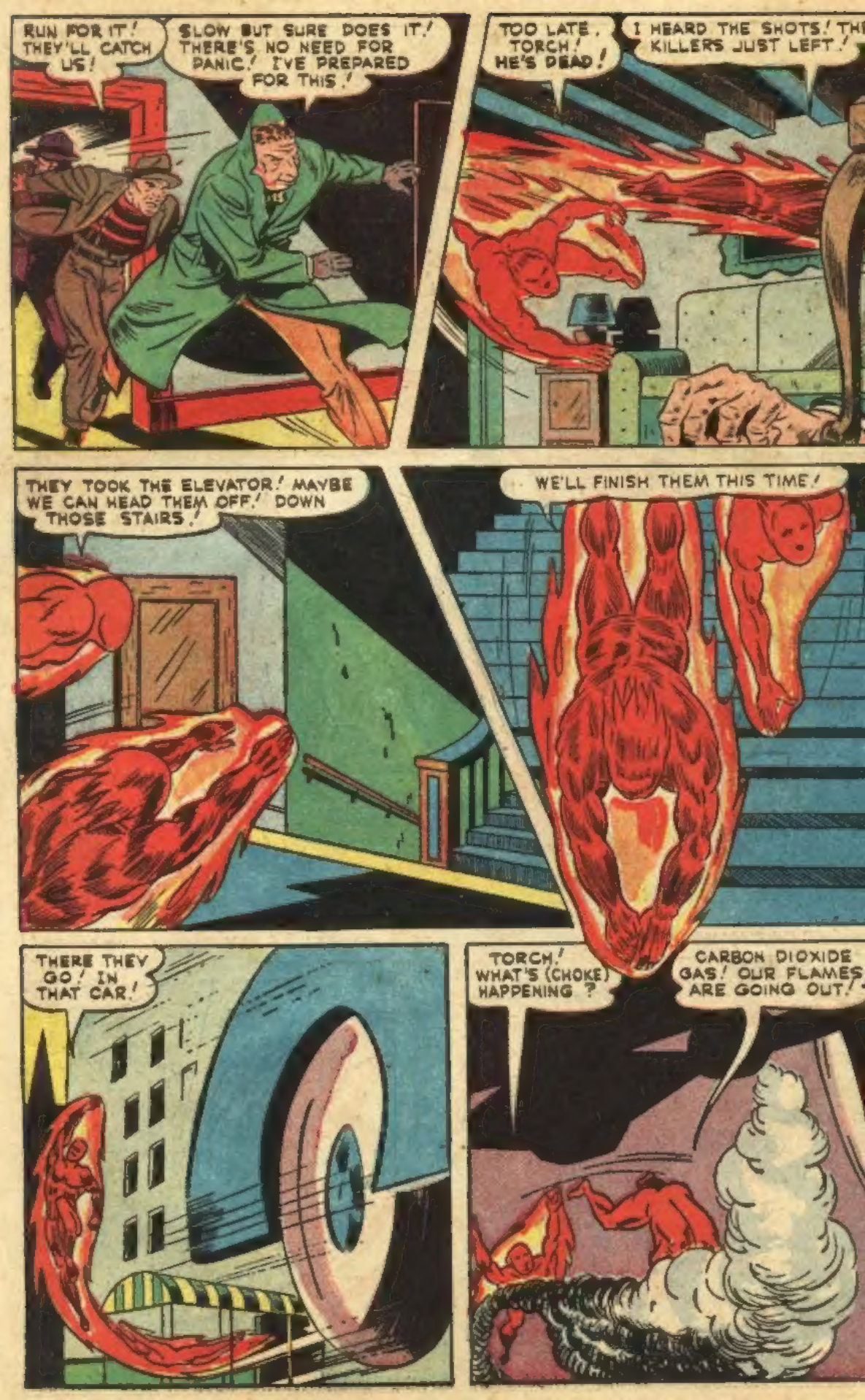
SOON, AT A POLICE PRECINCT STATION...

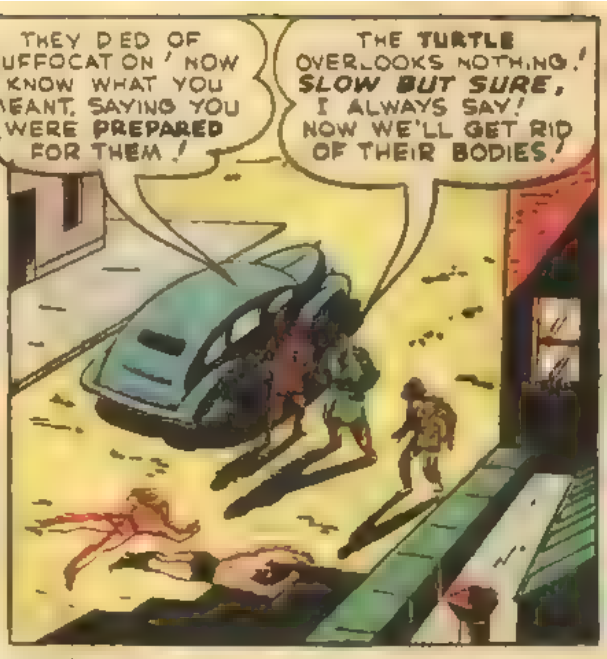
I NEVER HEARD SUCH A CRAZY STORY! A DISAPPEARING BODY, A MAN WHO LOOKS LIKE A TURTLE, AN UNKNOWN GUY WHO SLUGGED TORO HERE, AND NOW A GAL WHO CLAIMS TO BE CLEOPATRA!

MY NAME IS CLEOPATRA, SERGEANT!

I BELONG TO A GROUP CALLED THE FAMOUS NAMES CLUB! IT'S MADE UP OF PEOPLE WHOSE NAMES ARE JUST LIKE THOSE OF FAMOUS PEOPLE! THAT'S HOW I KNEW NATHAN HALE! HE WAS A MEMBER TOO!

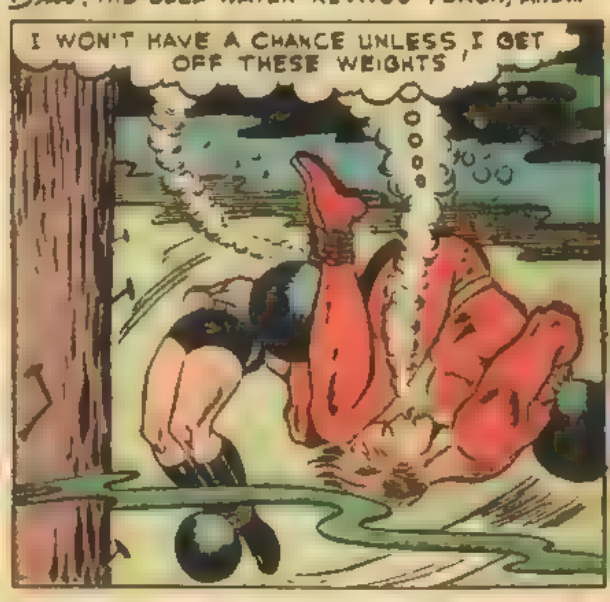
THEN...
HELLO! WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY? OH, ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE PRACTICAL JOKERS!
A GUY CLAIMS HE'S ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND THAT SOMEBODY'S GOING TO SHOOT HIM! SAYS HE SAW A PROWLER NEAR HIS HOUSE!
HE'S NOT JOKING! ABRAHAM LINCOLN IS A MEMBER OF OUR CLUB!
HE LIVES AT THE CRESTVIEW ARMS! HURRY, PLEASE!
HERE WE GO AGAIN!
BOL!
THIS TIME WE KNOW CLEOPATRA COULDN'T BE THE MURDERESS! THE INTENDED VICTIM IS STILL ALIVE!
HE'LL STAY ALIVE IF WE HURRY!
But AT THIS MOMENT...
LINCOLN, YOUR HOUR HAS COME!
NO!
"NOW HE BELONGS TO THE AGES"—UNQUOTE! HA! HA!
TURTLE! IT'S TORCH AND TORO! THEY'RE BACK AGAIN!
7

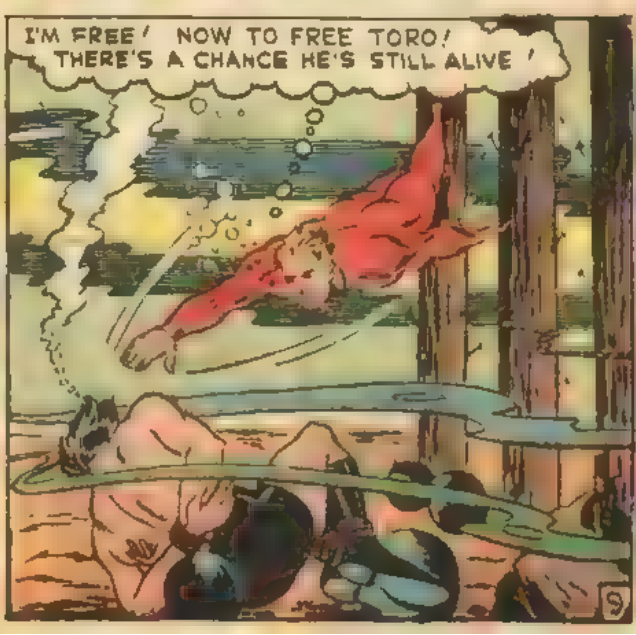

RUN FOR IT! THEY'LL CATCH US!
SLOW BUT SURE DOES IT! THERE'S NO NEED FOR PANIC! I'VE PREPARED FOR THIS!
TOO LATE, TORCH! HE'S DEAD!
I HEARD THE SHOTS! THE KILLERS JUST LEFT!
THEY TOOK THE ELEVATOR! MAYBE WE CAN HEAD THEM OFF! DOWN THOSE STAIRS!
WE'LL FINISH THEM THIS TIME!
THERE THEY GO! IN THAT CAR!
TORCH! WHAT'S (CHOKE) HAPPENING ?
CARBON DIOXIDE GAS! OUR FLAMES ARE GOING OUT!



HEAVILY WEIGHTED, TORCH AND TORO ARE DROPPED INTO A WATERY GRAVE!

But, THE COLD WATER REVIVES TORCH, AND...





LUNGS BURSTING, TORCH AT LAST REGAINS THE SURFACE!

WHEW! NEVER THOUGHT I'D BREATHE FRESH AIR AGAIN!

ANXIOUS MOMENTS LATER...

TORO'S GOING TO PULL THROUGH! BUT HE HA A CLOSE CALL! SEEMS LIKE I'VE PUMPED ENOUG WATER OUT OF HIM TO FLOAT A SHIP!

THEN...

WE'RE TAKING TURNS SAVING EACH OTHER'S LIFE, TORCH! WHERE TO NOW?

BACK TO THE POLICE STATION— AND CLEOPATRA!

TORCH! I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU! WHAT HAPPENED?

WE COULDN'T SAVE YOUR FRIEND LINCOLN! HE WAS SHOT TO DEATH!

THAT MAKES **TWO** MURDERS IN THE FAMOUS NAMES CLUB! I'M CONVINCED THAT THEIR GUNMAN, THE **TURTLE**, IS ONLY A **HIRED** ASSASSIN!

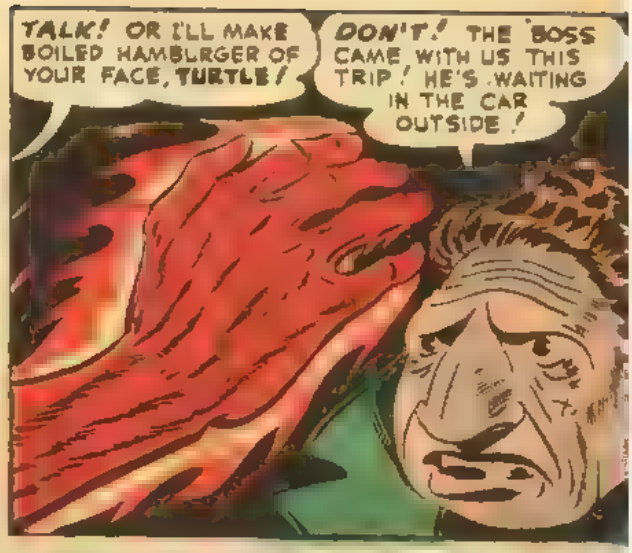
THEN NO ONE BUT JULIUS CAESAR OR MYSELF COULD HAVE HIRED HIM! **WE'RE** THE **LAST** SURVIVORS!

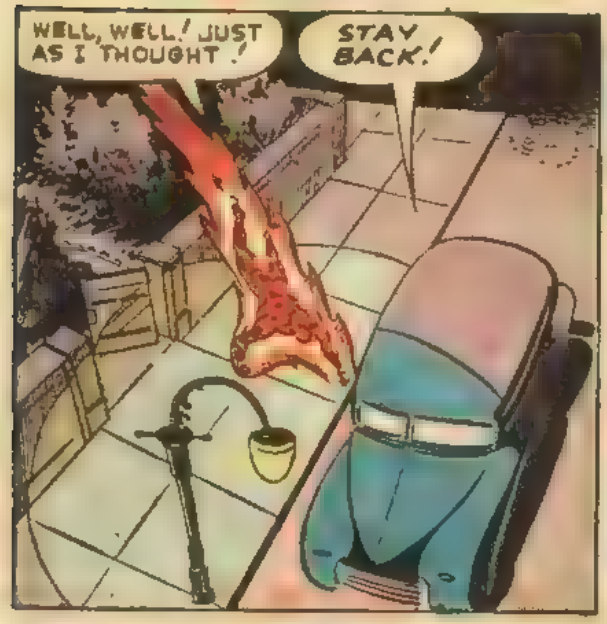
I CAN GUESS THE KILLER'S MOTIVE! THE LAST SURVIVOR OF THE CLUB INHERITS ALL THE MONEY WE'VE INVESTED! WE FORMED AN INVESTMENT CORPORATION W TH EACH MEMBER AS A PRINCIPAL STOCKHOLDER!

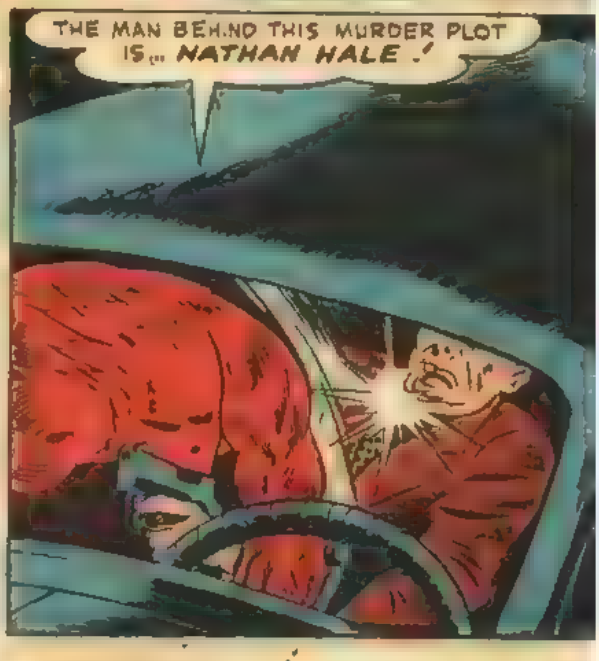
THAT'S THE ANSWER!

AND JULIUS CAESAR IS THE MAN WE WANT, EH, TORCH?

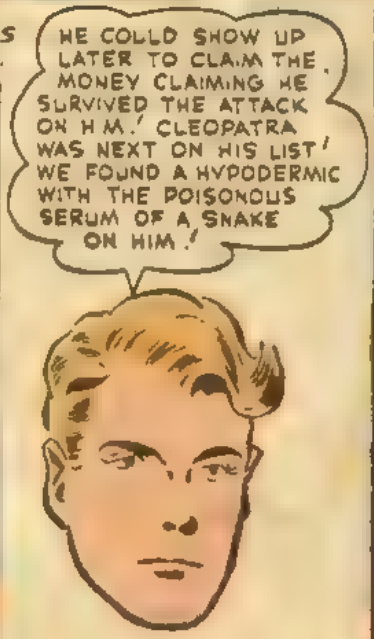
AT JULIUS CAESAR'S RESIDENCE...
MR CAESAR WENT FOR A STROLL! YOU MIGHT FIND HIM NEAR THE HALL OF STATUARY! IT'S ONE OF HIS FAVORITE RETREATS!
THANKS!
THE NERVE OF THAT KILLER TAKING A PEACEFUL STROLL AFTER WHAT HE'S DONE!
I'M NOT SO SURE JULIUS CAESAR IS THE MAN WE WANT!
MEANWHILE, IN THE HALL OF STATUARY...
BEWARE, CAESAR! BEWARE THE IDES OF MARCH! HA! HA!
W-WHO'S THERE? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
YOUR DEATH, CAESAR! JUST LIKE CAESAR OF OLD!
N-NO!
THEN!
NO IS RIGHT! WE GOT HERE JUST IN TIME!
THE TORCH! YOU CAN'T BE ALIVE!
I'M ALIVE! AND I'M MAD!
WANT TO TALK?
YES! DON'T BURN US ALIVE!

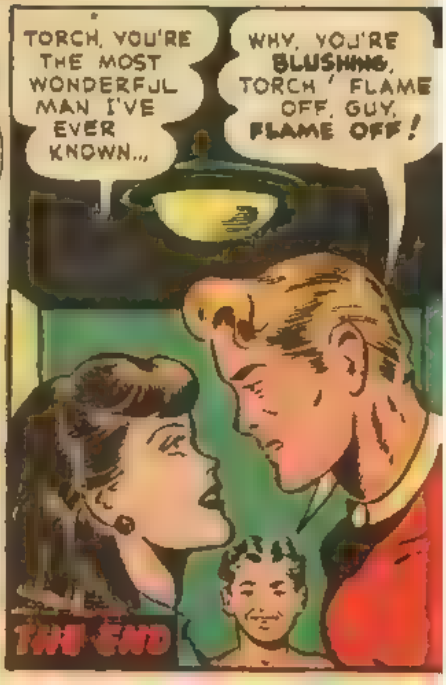




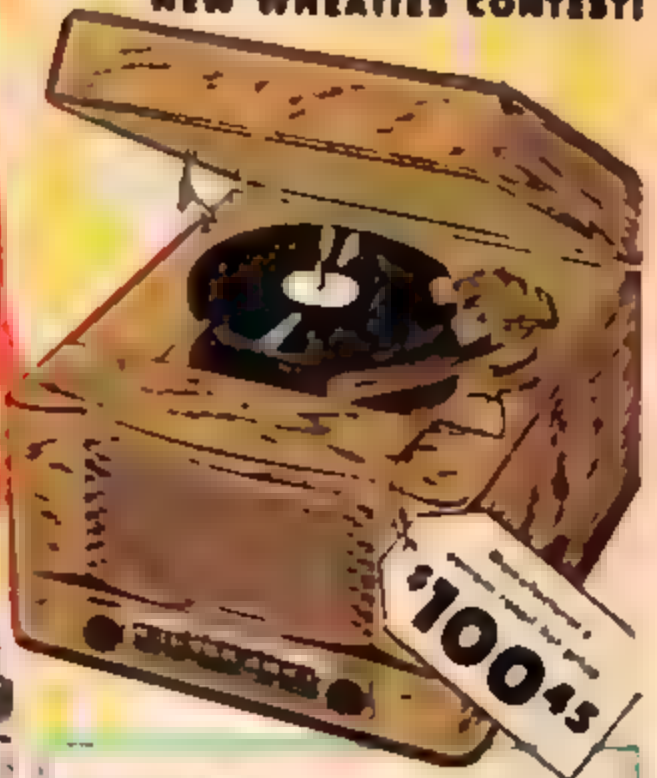


LATER, AFTER THE CONSPIRATORS ARE DELIVERED TO THE POLICE.





1,112 PRIZES LIKE THIS IN EASY NEW WHEATIES CONTEST!



They'll all come to YOUR house!

Have fun playing records!

Radio phonograph all your OWN!

YOU can treat Mom and Pop!

1. Combination Radio-Phonograph [illegible]

2. With Automatic Record Changer! [illegible] seconds to change.

3. Expensive model! Mfr's. current retail list price for this Admiral Radio-Phonograph Combination is actually $100.

4. Keen looking! Modern walnut veneer cabinet, full [illegible]

5. Easy on your records! Light tone arm. Precious Jewel Needle.

JUST PICK A NAME FOR THIS [illegible] RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

Follow easy contest rules. [illegible] 1112 Admiral Radio-Phonograph Combinations. More than $1[illegible],000 worth offered in this contest.

Send several entries. Get Mom and Pop to [illegible] Wheaties, "Breakfast of Cham[illegible] boxtop with each entry. Entries must be postmarked by midnight Sunday, Dec. 7, 1947 and received by Dec. 29, 1947. Don't miss out. Mail an entry today!

General Mills, Inc.

EASY CONTEST RULES

1. Think of a name for this Admiral [illegible] Chicago, Ill.

[illegible] December 7, 1947 and received by December 29, 1947

[illegible] come property of General Mills, Inc. [illegible] to General Mills, Inc., Depa[illegible]

7. Contest open to all residents of the United States, its territories [illegible]

Wheaties, Dept. R
Box 8446, Chicago, Ill.

I enclose one Wheaties boxtop. The name I choose for this Admiral Radio-Phonograph

[illegible]

My Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____

MATCHING WITS WITH A MASTER OF THE DOUBLE-CROSS, SUB-MARINER ATTEMPTS TO STOP A DIABOLICAL PLOT INVOLVING THE THEFT OF A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF PEARLS AND AN IMAGINARY DIAMOND, AND TO THWART...

"BLACKBEARD...SCOURGE OF THE SEAS!"

HEADING SOUTH FROM FLORIDA, NAMOR AND NAMORA PUT IN AT A SMALL GROUP OF ISLANDS, TO AVOID A TROPICAL STORM.

HELLO? THESE ISLANDS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE UNINHABITED!

HOW ABOUT THAT LIGHTSHIP, NAMOR?

THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE THERE, BUT— HEY! IT'S MOVING TOWARD THE ROCK SHELF!

LOOK, NAMOR! AN OCEAN LINER RIGHT BEHIND IT! SHE'LL HIT THE ROCKS!

HELP!

YEEL-OW

CRASH!!!

ALL HANDS ON DECK!

BOAT STATIONS!

HELP!

JUMPIN' JONAH! SHE'LL ROLL OFF THE SHELF!!!

COME ON, NAMORA! NO TIME TO LOSE! THAT TENDER'S OUT TO THE RESCUE... MAYBE WE CAN HELP!

BUT THERE ARE ONLY TWO OF US, NAMOR!

HELP!

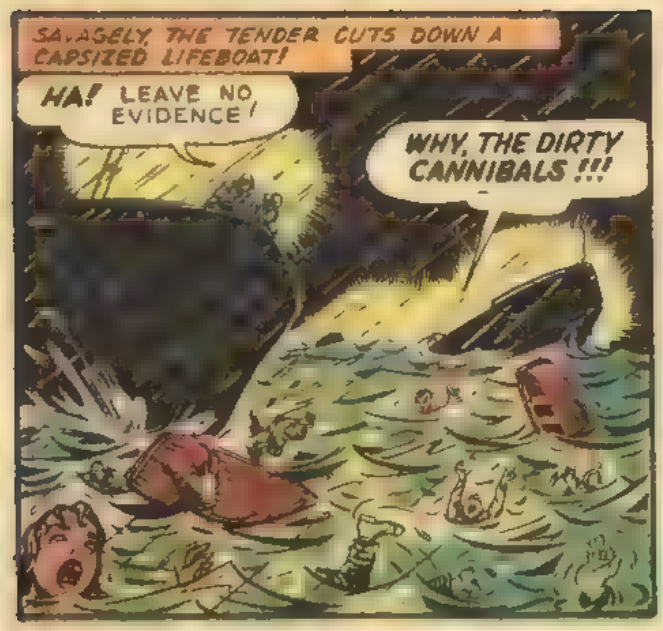
HELP!

HELP!

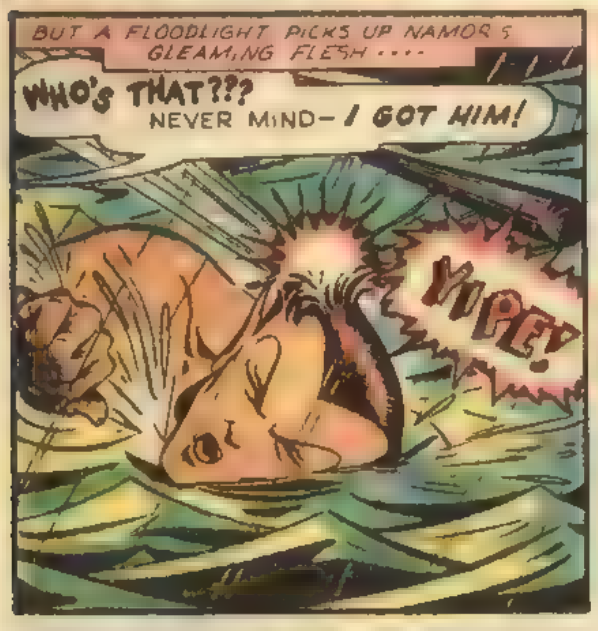
HOLD IT! WHAT'S ME SAYING?

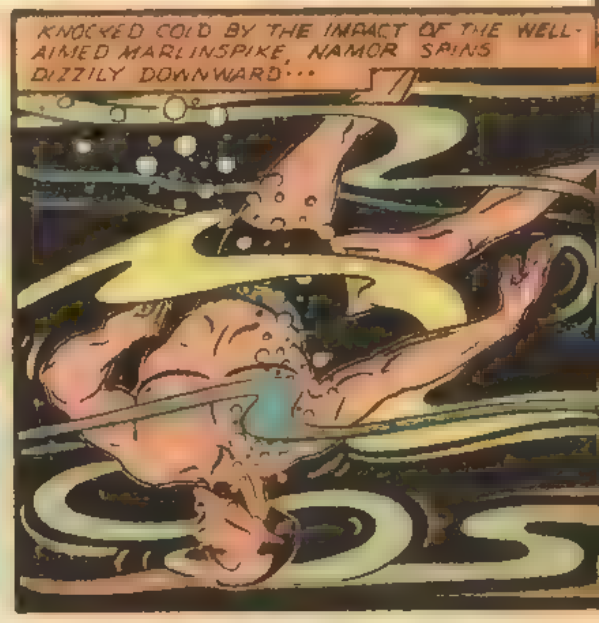
REMEMBER, BOYS--- ABSOLUTELY NO SURVIVORS!

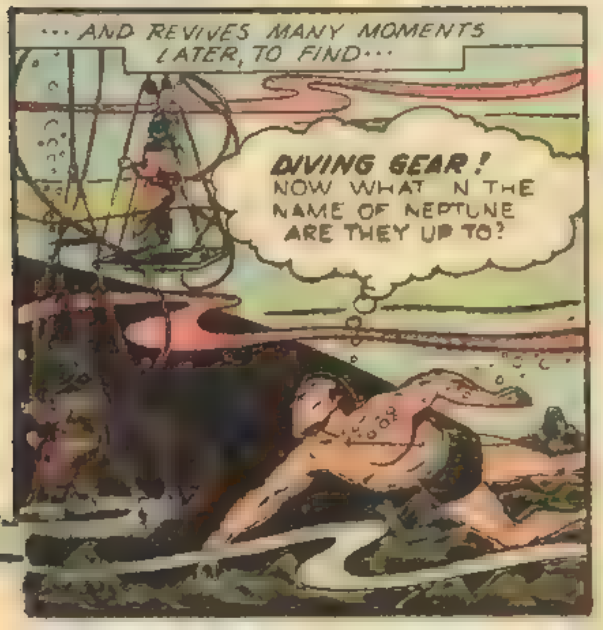
GOTCHA, BLACKBEARD!

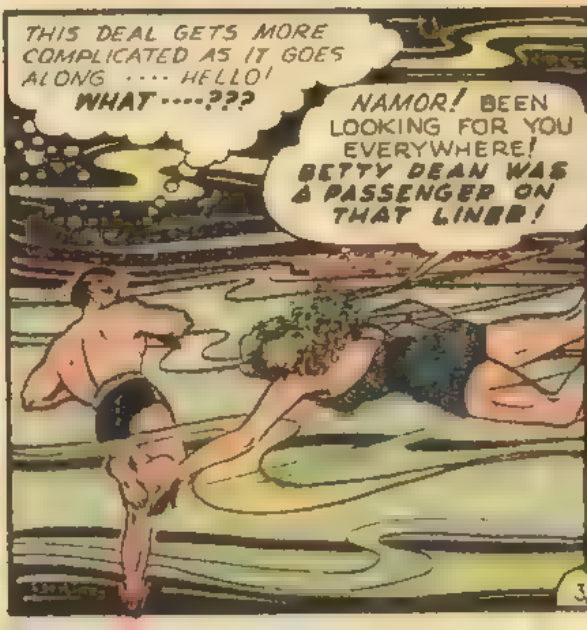

SAVAGELY, THE TENDER CUTS DOWN A CAPSIZED LIFEBOAT!
HA! LEAVE NO EVIDENCE!
WHY, THE DIRTY CANNIBALS !!!

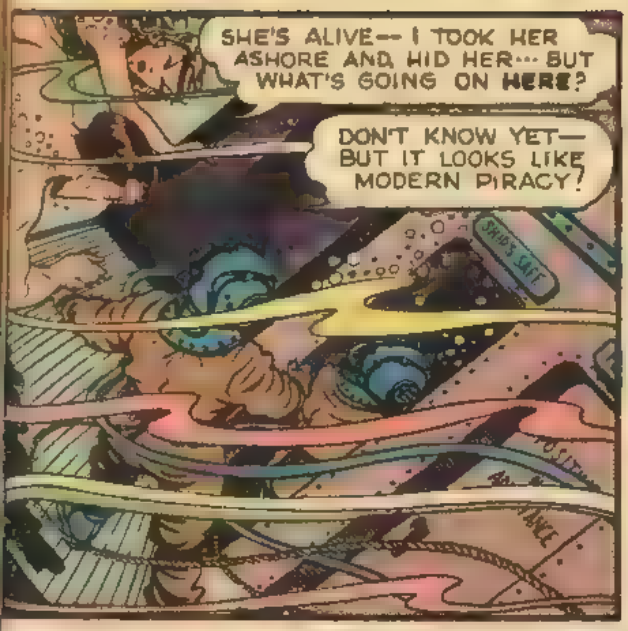
NAMORA! GET BUSY AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT SOME OF THESE PEOPLE--- I'M GOING TO TAKE CARE OF A WEE PIECE OF RETRIBUTION!
RIGHT – MEET YOU LATER!


BUT A FLOODLIGHT PICKS UP NAMOR'S GLEAMING FLESH ....
WHO'S THAT??? NEVER MIND– I GOT HIM!
YIPEY


KNOCKED COLD BY THE IMPACT OF THE WELL-AIMED MARLINSPIKE, NAMOR SPINS DIZZILY DOWNWARD...


...AND REVIVES MANY MOMENTS LATER, TO FIND...
DIVING GEAR! NOW WHAT IN THE NAME OF NEPTUNE ARE THEY UP TO?

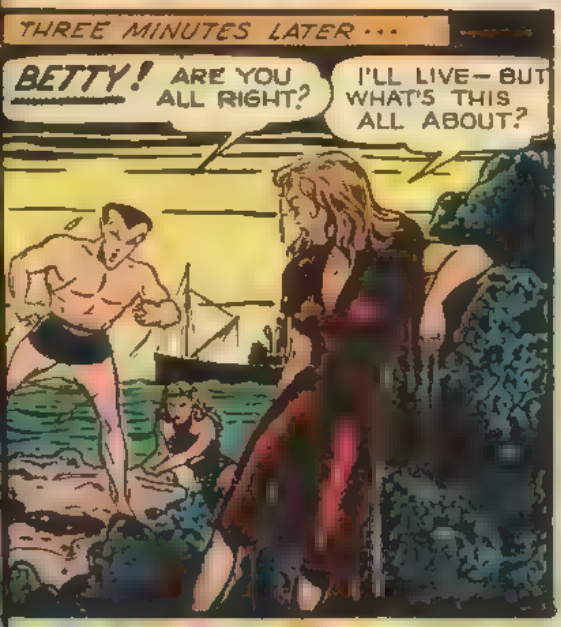

THIS DEAL GETS MORE COMPLICATED AS IT GOES ALONG .... HELLO! WHAT ....???
NAMOR! BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU EVERYWHERE! BETTY DEAN WAS A PASSENGER ON THAT LINER!

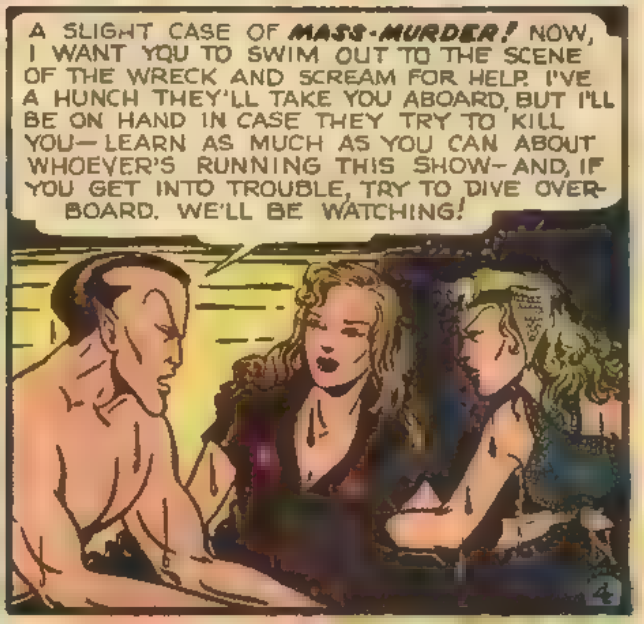

SHE'S ALIVE— I TOOK HER ASHORE AND HID HER··· BUT WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
DON'T KNOW YET— BUT IT LOOKS LIKE MODERN PIRACY!

WONDER WHAT STRANGE TRICK OF FATE PUT BETTY ON THIS SHIP? OH-OH! THEY'RE GOING UP! LET'S FOLLOW 'EM!

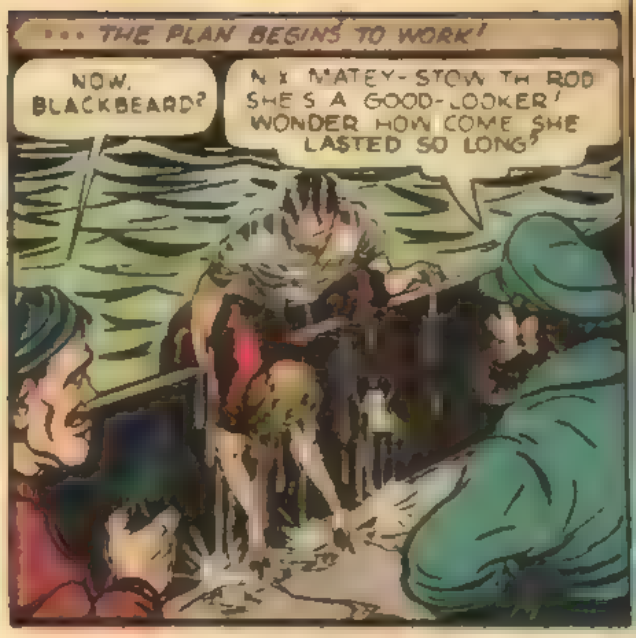
HO-HO-HO!!! YE GOT 'EM, ME LADS! WE'RE RICH! RICH, LADS!!!
PEARLS! THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS' WORTH!

I WAS RIGHT, NAMORA! LISTEN, NOW— I'VE GOT A PLAN··· ONLY, LETS GET BACK TO SHORE FIRST!
CAREFUL THEY DON'T SEE YOU!


THREE MINUTES LATER···
BETTY! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
I'LL LIVE— BUT WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?


A SLIGHT CASE OF MASS-MURDER! NOW, I WANT YOU TO SWIM OUT TO THE SCENE OF THE WRECK AND SCREAM FOR HELP. I'VE A HUNCH THEY'LL TAKE YOU ABOARD, BUT I'LL BE ON HAND IN CASE THEY TRY TO KILL YOU— LEARN AS MUCH AS YOU CAN ABOUT WHOEVER'S RUNNING THIS SHOW— AND, IF YOU GET INTO TROUBLE, TRY TO DIVE OVERBOARD. WE'LL BE WATCHING!

BETTY FOLLOWS INSTRUCTIONS AND·
HEY! THERE'S ONE WE MISSED! SHALL I····?
I'LL GET 'ER!
HELP!


··· THE PLAN BEGINS TO WORK!
NOW, BLACKBEARD?
N X MATEY-STOW TH ROD SHE'S A GOOD-LOOKER! WONDER HOW COME SHE LASTED SO LONG!

SURE AN' SHE'S OUT LIKE A LIGHT! TAKE HER BELOW BOYS AN' GIVE 'ER THE ENGINEER'S CABIN. SHE'LL LIKELY SLEEP TILL SUNUP!

··· AND, AS THE SEAMEN CARRY HER OFF BETTY CAREFULLY NOTES THE LOCATION OF THE PEARLS ·
MY'M HMM THAT LL DO FINE!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, WHEN THE SHIP IS QUIET AND THE EXHAUSTED CREW SNORES PEACEFULLY···
GOOD! I COULDN'T ASK FOR A MORE COOPERATIVE GUARD IF I'D BRIBED HIM!

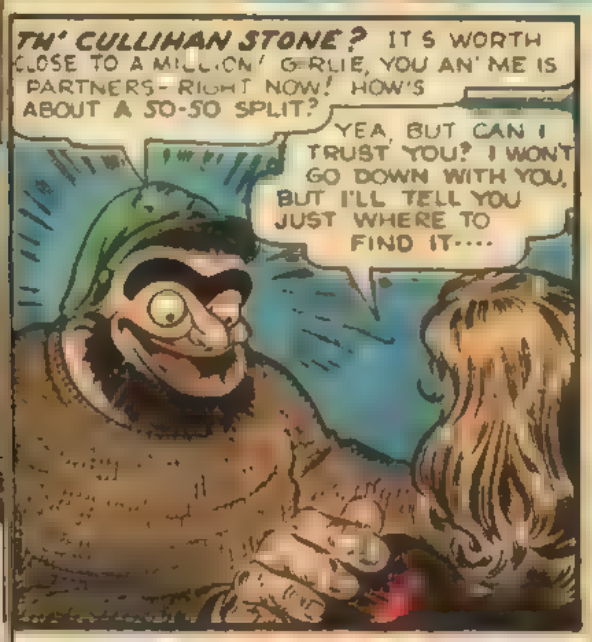
··· BETTY SILENTLY BEGINS A CAMPAIGN OF HER OWN ··
THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN SHOULD BE AFT OF THE WHEELHOUSE··· NOW ··!

SLEEPING LIKE AN INNOCENT BABE-- BUT JUST HOW INNOCENT YOUR CREW WILL NEVER KNOW, CAPTAIN!

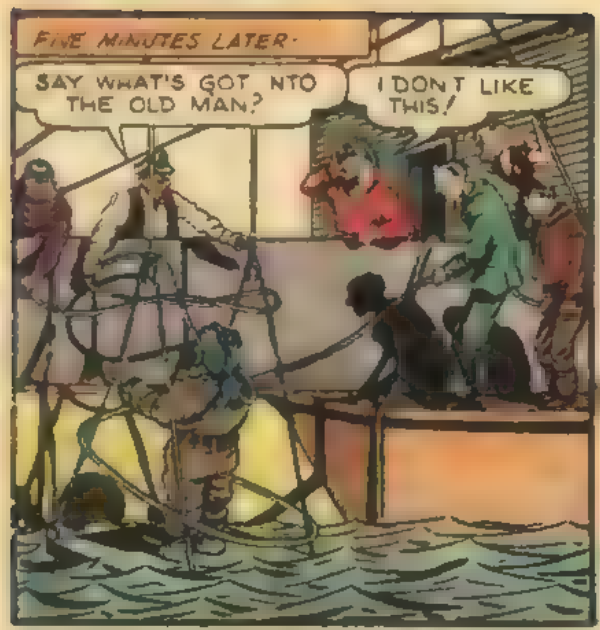
EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...
HEY, YOUSE! DE SKIPPER WANTS T'SEE YIZ ON DE BRIDGE— GIT MOVING!
OKAY, CHAMBERMAID! CAN'T A GAL HAVE ANY PRIVACY ON THIS TUB?

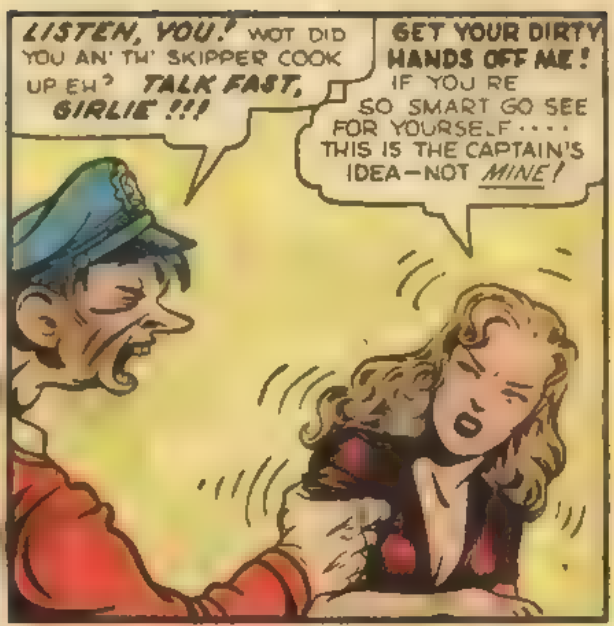
YOU WANTED TO MAKE MY ACQUAINTANCE, BIG BOY?
HMMM! KINDA CHIPPER THIS MORNIN', AINTCHA, BABY? JUST HOW MUCH DO YE KNOW ABOUT MY BUSINESS? YE MIGHT AS WELL TELL ME---

ALMOST ENOUGH TO SATISFY ME, HANDSOME! BUT WHAT WOULD YOU SAY IF I TOLD YOU THAT I COULD DOUBLE YOUR FORTUNE? WHAT KIND OF A DEAL WILL YOU OFFER ME IF I TELL YOU THAT THE CULLIHAN DIAMOND IS ON THE SHIP YOU SANK, AND THAT I CAN LEAD YOU TO IT? MAKE ME A PROPOSITION, PRETTY BOY!


TH' CULLIHAN STONE? IT'S WORTH CLOSE TO A MILLION! GERLIE, YOU AN' ME IS PARTNERS-RIGHT NOW! HOW'S ABOUT A 50-50 SPLIT?
YEA, BUT CAN I TRUST YOU? I WON'T GO DOWN WITH YOU, BUT I'LL TELL YOU JUST WHERE TO FIND IT....

THAT'S OKAY— I'LL DIVE FOR IT MESELF! HEY, YOU! HOLD IT! GIMME THAT SUIT AN' HELMET-- I'M GOIN' BELOW!
HUH?

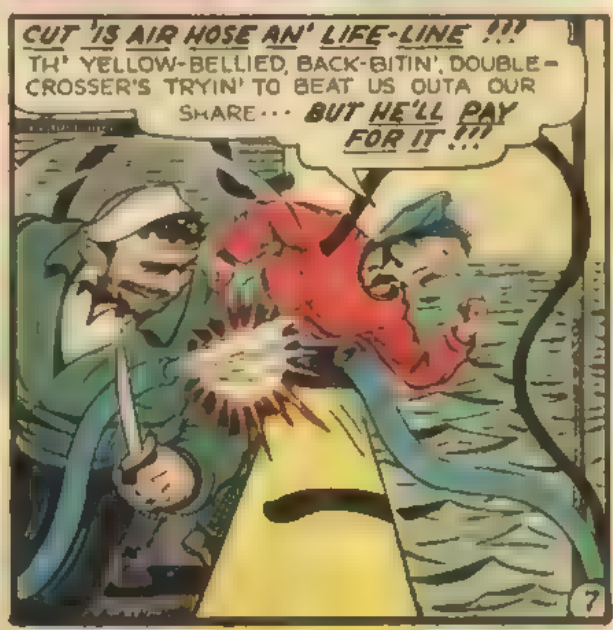

FIVE MINUTES LATER·
SAY WHAT'S GOT INTO THE OLD MAN?
I DON'T LIKE THIS!

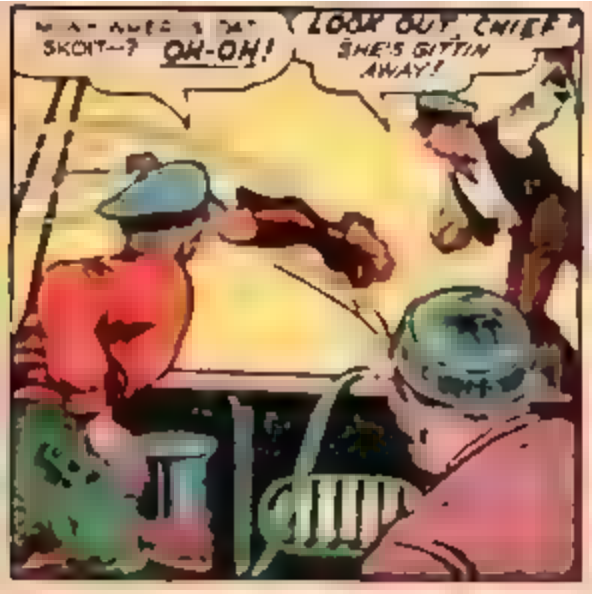

LISTEN, YOU! WOT DID YOU AN' TH' SKIPPER COOK UP EH? TALK FAST, GIRLIE !!!
GET YOUR DIRTY HANDS OFF ME! IF YOU RE SO SMART GO SEE FOR YOURSELF···· THIS IS THE CAPTAIN'S IDEA—NOT MINE!

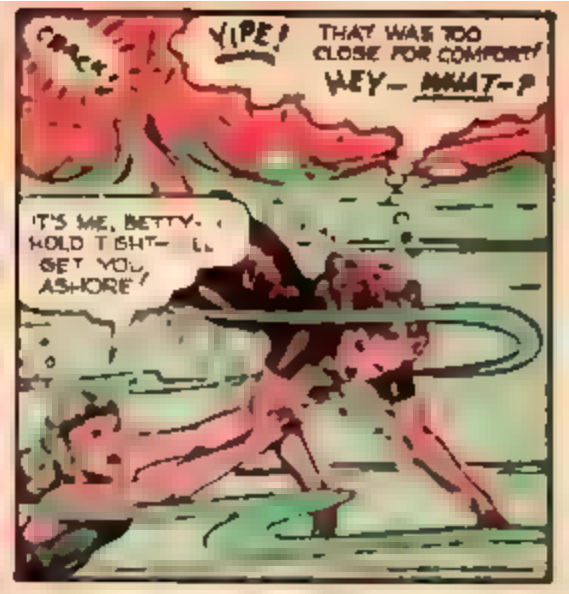
JEEPERS MATE! THE PEARLS— THEY'RE GONE !!!
WHY, THE DIRTY DOUBLE-CROSSING···· !!!

SEARCH THE SHIP!
BARNEY, TAKE A COUPLE OF MEN AN' RANSACK TH' CAP'N'S CAB·N··· I GOT A NASTY HUNCH···!

YOU'RE RIGHT, MATE···· THEY'RE HERE! UNDER TH' SKIPPER'S BUNK!

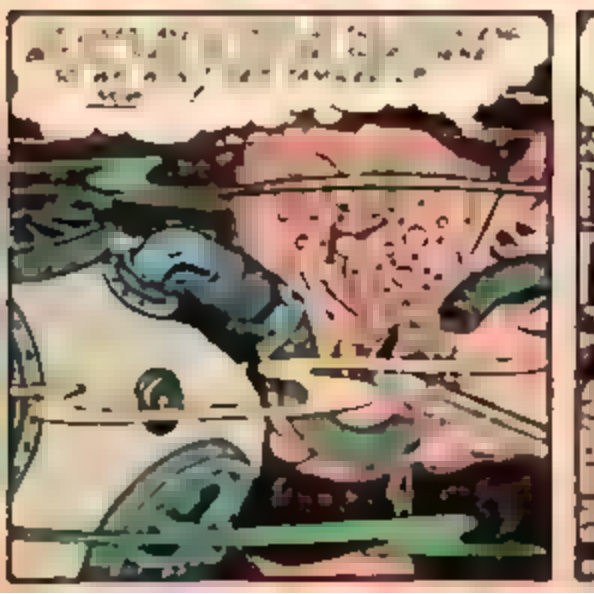

CUT 'IS AIR HOSE AN' LIFE-LINE !!!
TH' YELLOW-BELLIED, BACK-BITIN', DOUBLE-CROSSER'S TRYIN' TO BEAT US OUTA OUR SHARE··· BUT HE'LL PAY FOR IT !!!

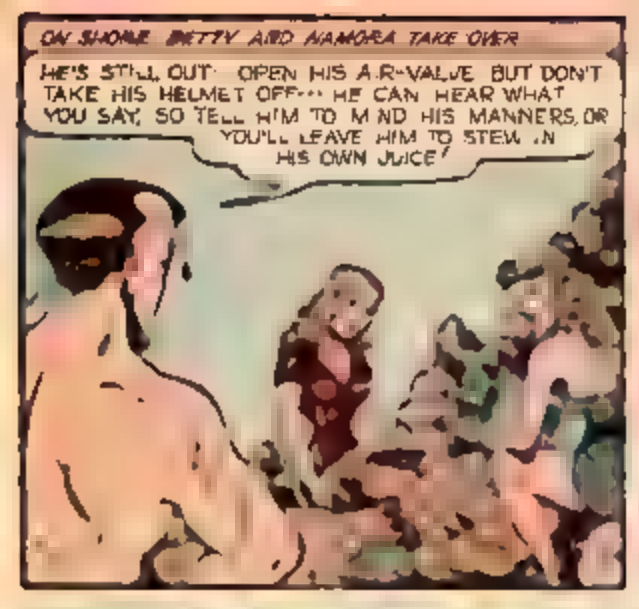

SKOIT—? OH-OH!
LOOK OUT CHIEF SHE'S GITTIN AWAY!

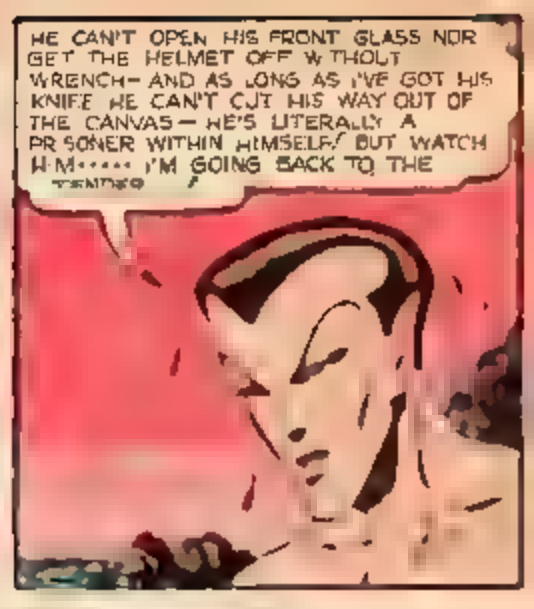

CRACK
YIPE! THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!
HEY— WHAT—?
IT'S ME, BETTY— HOLD TIGHT— I'LL GET YOU ASHORE!

NAMOR!
GOOD! I'LL BRING HIM IN— IF HE ISN'T DEAD!

SO FAR, SO GOOD! HE'S CLOSED HIS EMERGENCY VALVES··· BUT HE CAN ONLY LIVE A FEW MINUTES ON THE AIR IN HIS HELMET!

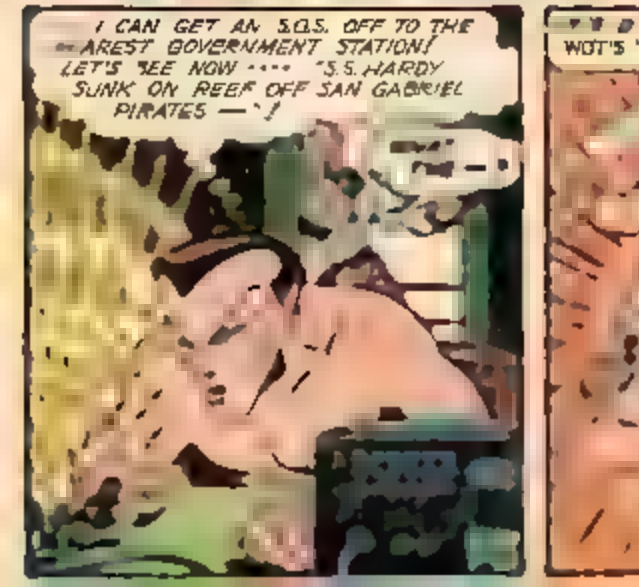


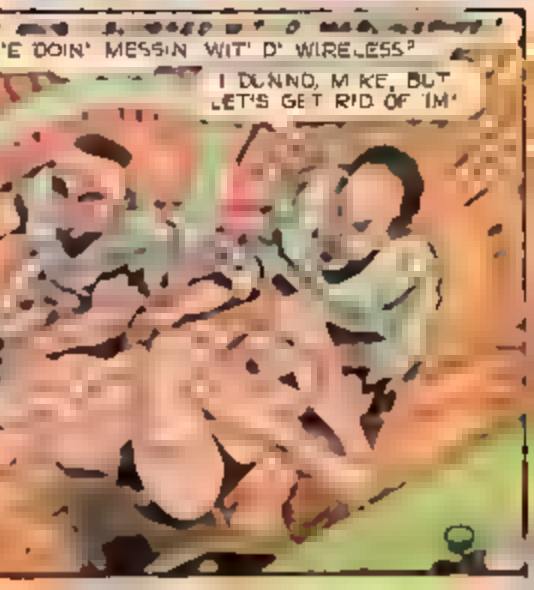

ON SHORE BETTY AND NAMORA TAKE OVER
HE'S STILL OUT OPEN HIS AIR-VALVE BUT DON'T TAKE HIS HELMET OFF··· HE CAN HEAR WHAT YOU SAY, SO TELL HIM TO MIND HIS MANNERS, OR YOU'LL LEAVE HIM TO STEW IN HIS OWN JUICE!

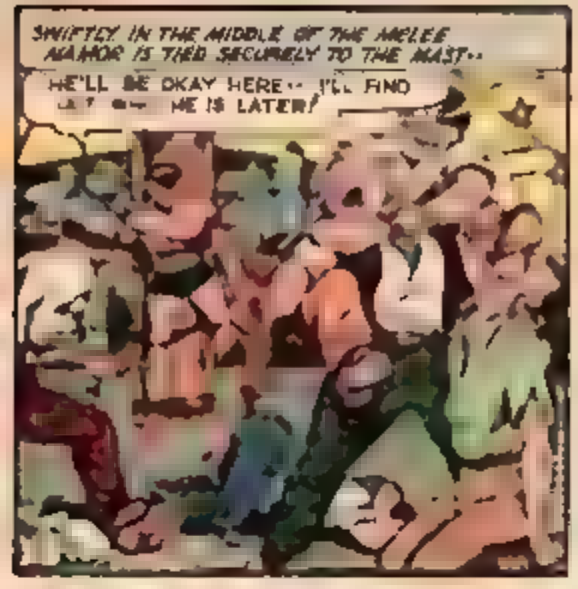

HE CAN'T OPEN HIS FRONT GLASS NOR GET THE HELMET OFF WITHOUT WRENCH— AND AS LONG AS I'VE GOT HIS KNIFE HE CAN'T CUT HIS WAY OUT OF THE CANVAS— HE'S LITERALLY A PRISONER WITHIN HIMSELF! BUT WATCH HIM····· I'M GOING BACK TO THE

SUFFERIN' SHAD! THEY'RE FIGHTING ALREADY
I'M THE MASTER NOW
GIT YER HANDS OFF M PEARLS!
WHAT I SAY GOES!

THAT'S A BREAK! I HADN'T LOOKED FOR! NOW, IF THEY LEAVE ME ALONE LONG ENOUGH···

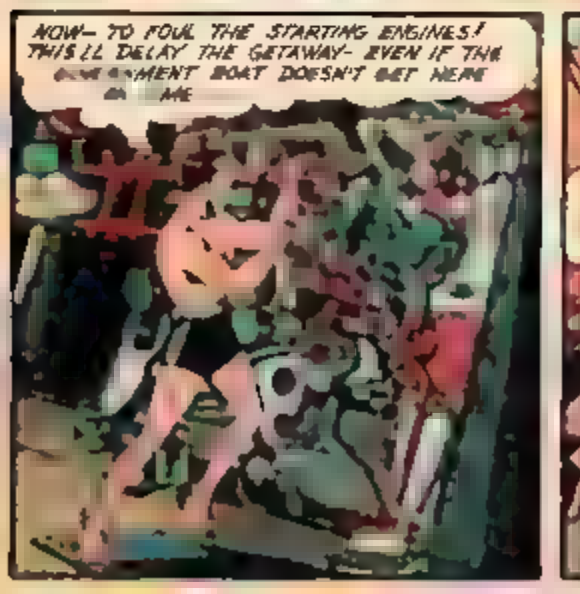

I CAN GET AN S.O.S. OFF TO THE NEAREST GOVERNMENT STATION! LET'S SEE NOW···· "S.S. HARDY SUNK ON REEF OFF SAN GABRIEL PIRATES —"!


WOT'S 'E DOIN' MESSIN WIT' D' WIRELESS?
I DUNNO, MIKE, BUT LET'S GET RID OF 'IM!

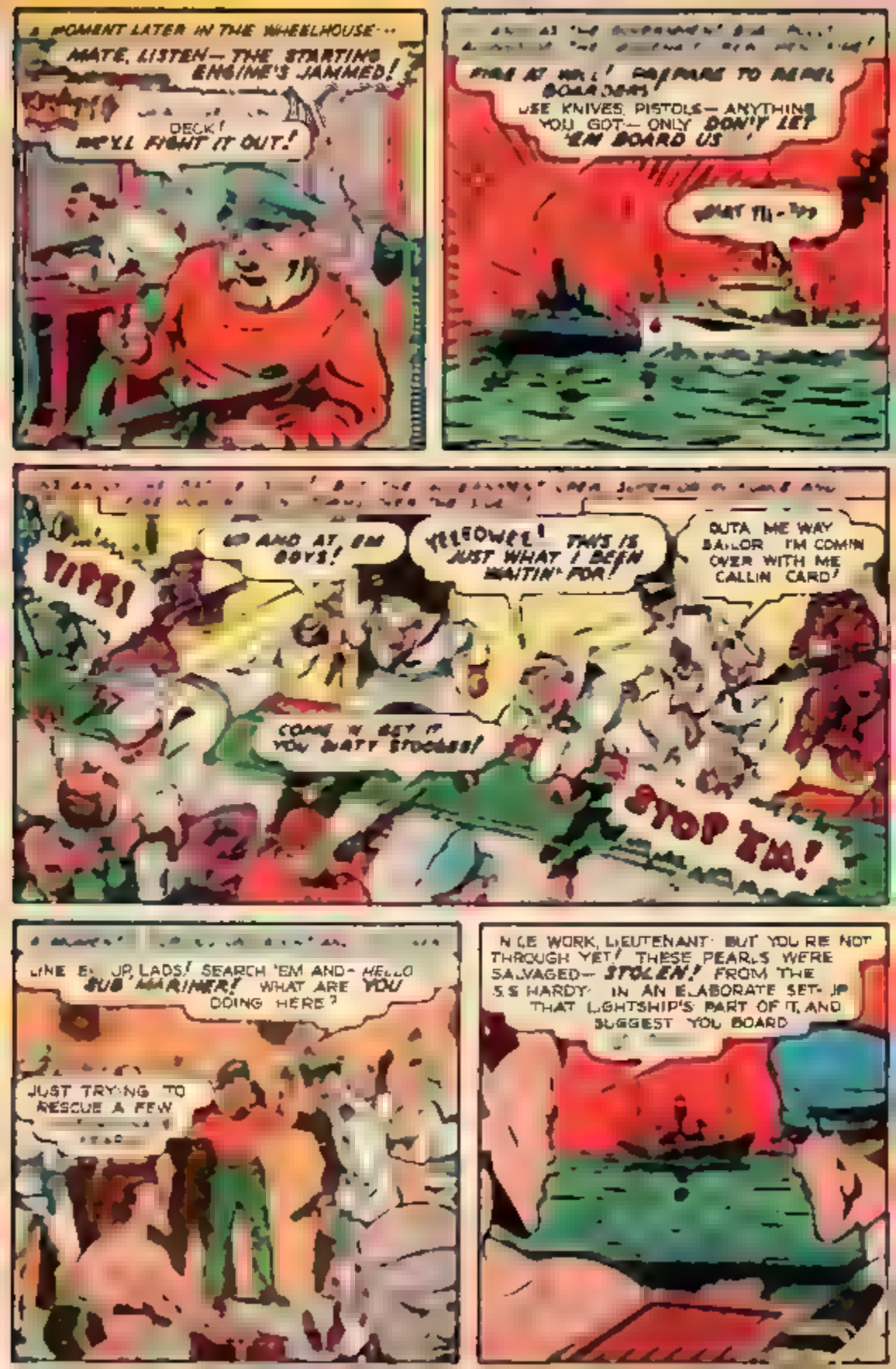

SWIFTLY, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE MELEE NAMOR IS TIED SECURELY TO THE MAST--
HE'LL BE OKAY HERE-- I'LL FIND HE IS LATER!

THE RIOT CONTINUES, AND

HOLD STILL AND I'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF THIS IN THE SHAKE OF


NOW— TO FOUL THE STARTING ENGINES! THIS'LL DELAY THE GETAWAY- EVEN IF THE BOAT DOESN'T GET HERE

HOLD IT, MEN— BREAK IT UP! GOVERNMENT AGENTS! ALL HANDS TO STATIONS! WEIGH ANCHOR!


A MOMENT LATER IN THE WHEELHOUSE...
MATE, LISTEN— THE STARTING ENGINE'S JAMMED!
DECK! WE'LL FIGHT IT OUT!
FIRE AT WILL! PREPARE TO REPEL BOARDERS!
USE KNIVES, PISTOLS— ANYTHING YOU GOT— ONLY DON'T LET 'EM BOARD US!
UP AND AT 'EM BOYS!
YEEEOWEE! THIS IS JUST WHAT I BEEN WAITIN' FOR!
OUTA ME WAY SAILOR I'M COMIN' OVER WITH ME CALLIN' CARD!
COME IN GET IT YOU DIRTY STOOGES!
STOP 'EM!
LINE EM UP, LADS! SEARCH 'EM AND— HELLO SUB MARINER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
JUST TRYING TO RESCUE A FEW
NICE WORK, LIEUTENANT! BUT YOU'RE NOT THROUGH YET! THESE PEARLS WERE SALVAGED— STOLEN! FROM THE S.S. HARDY! IN AN ELABORATE SET-UP THAT LIGHTSHIP'S PART OF IT, AND SUGGEST YOU BOARD

GET 'EM PORKY!
TOO LATE MATE!
I-I-I CAN'T! ME RIFLE'S JAMMED!!!
THE LIGHTSHIP
JUST HOLD 'EM ALL HERE TILL I GET BACK---
WELL, I GUESS IT'S YOUR PARTY, SUB-MARINER! ONLY MAKE IT SNAPPY!
NAMOR MAKES A QUICK TRIP TO SHORE, AND RETURNS:
THIS IS YOUR LAST SWIM FOR A WHILE, BLACKBEARD! COME ON KIDDIES- THE GOVERNMENT'S WAITING FOR US!
HERE YOU ARE, LIEUTENANT--- THE CAPTAIN OF THE SALVAGE TENDER, AND MASTERMIND OF A PLAN TO GET RICH ON STOLEN PEARLS- AT THE COST OF OVER A HUNDRED INNOCENT LIVES! HANGING'S TOO GOOD FOR HIM BUT I SUPPOSE WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE IT TO THE U. S. COURTS!
GUESS OUR JOB'S DONE NAMORA - BETTY, YOU'D BETTER GO BACK WITH THE GOVERNMENT BOAT- YOU CAN SEND THE STORY TO YOUR PAPER BY WIRELESS
NO SENSE HANGING AROUND ANY LONGER - SO LONG, BETTY!
WATCH FOR NAMOR'S ANSWER IN HIS NEXT ADVENTURE!
12
THE END

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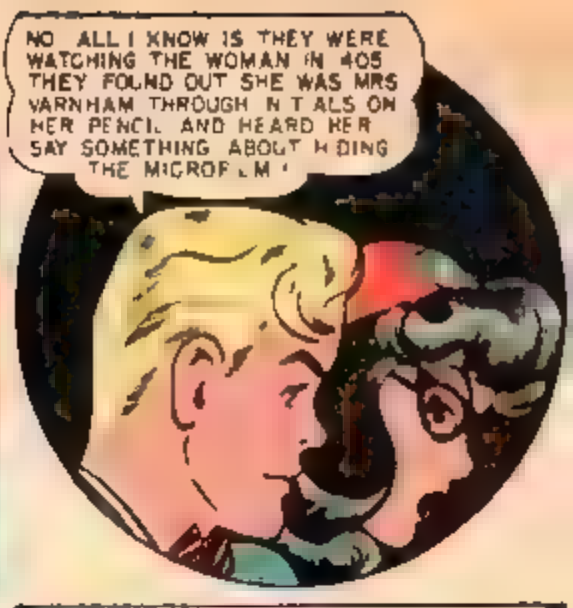
CHAPTER 10

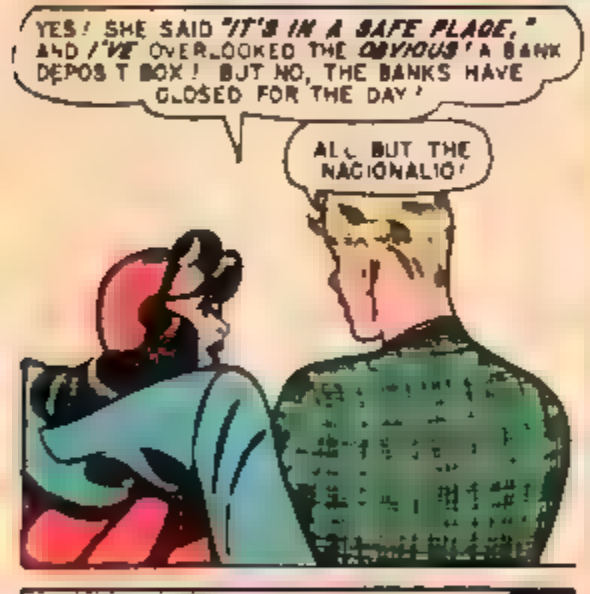
"FINAL RECKONING"

THE STORY THUS FAR...

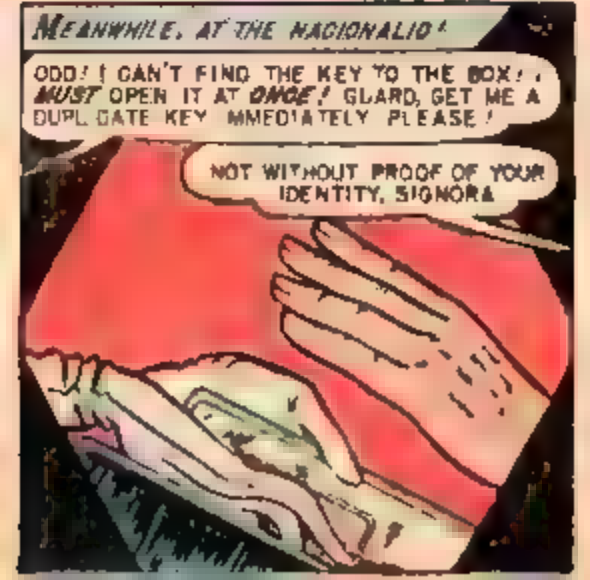
[illegible]

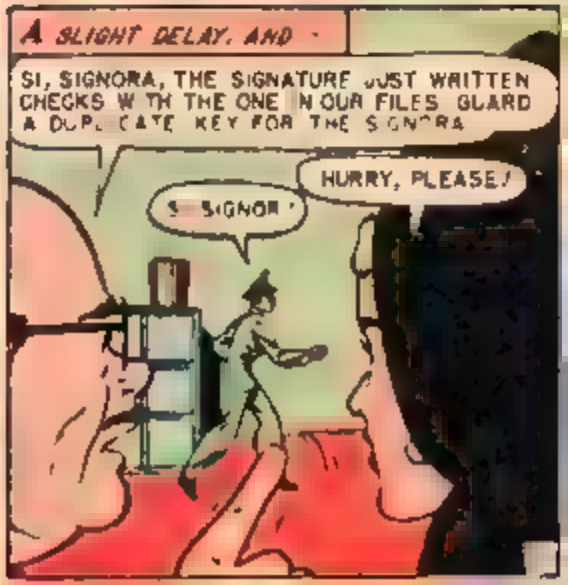
THANKS FOR MY FREEDOM!
FROM WHAT YOU TELL ME, YOU DESERVE IT, LOUIS REMENS! BUT I MUST GET THAT MICROFILM! HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHERE THE ILES WENT?

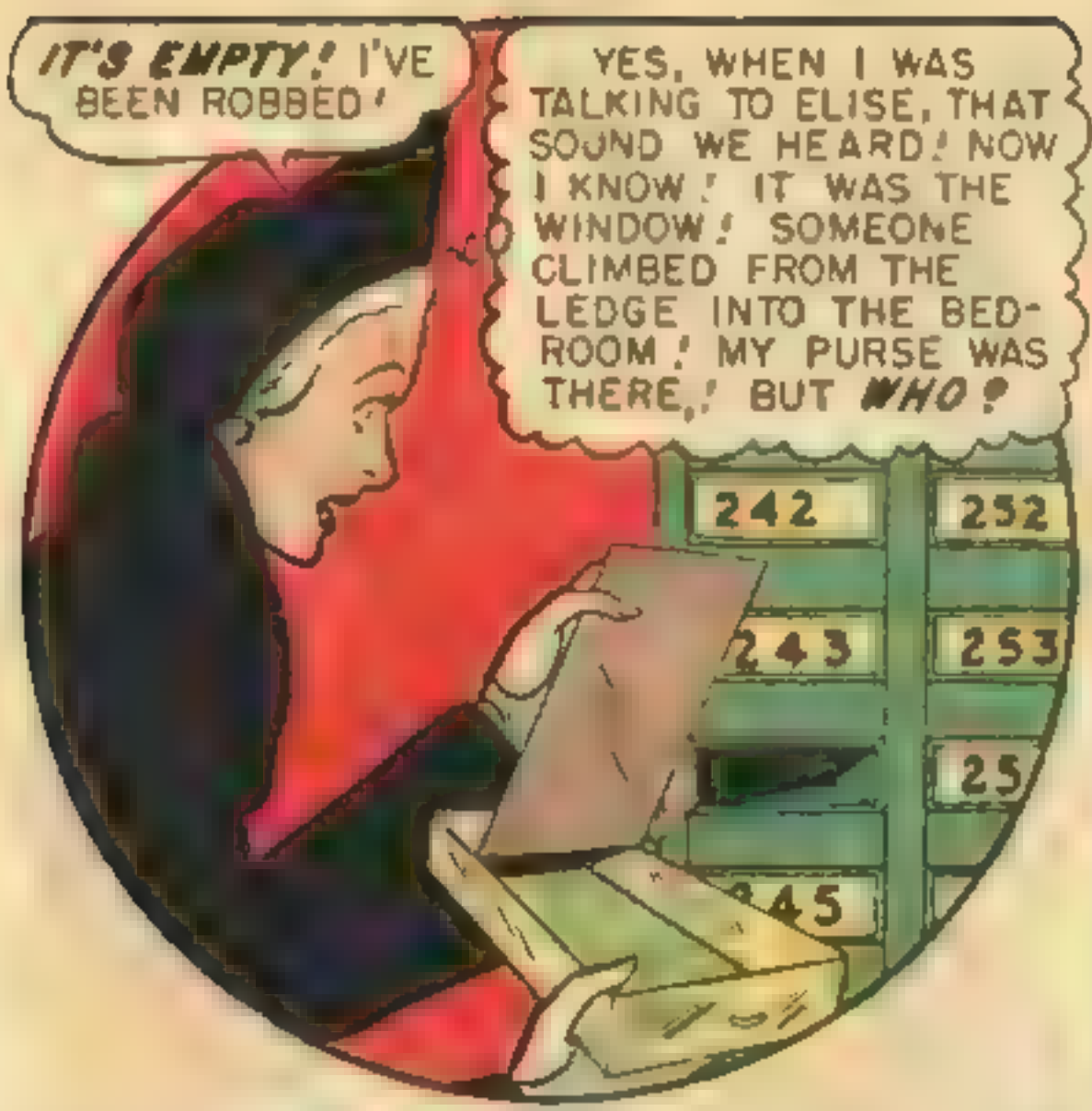

NO ALL I KNOW IS THEY WERE WATCHING THE WOMAN IN 405 THEY FOUND OUT SHE WAS MRS VARNHAM THROUGH INITIALS ON HER PENCIL AND HEARD HER SAY SOMETHING ABOUT HIDING THE MICROFILM!


YES! SHE SAID "IT'S IN A SAFE PLACE," AND I'VE OVERLOOKED THE OBVIOUS! A BANK DEPOSIT BOX! BUT NO, THE BANKS HAVE CLOSED FOR THE DAY!
ALL BUT THE NACIONALIO!

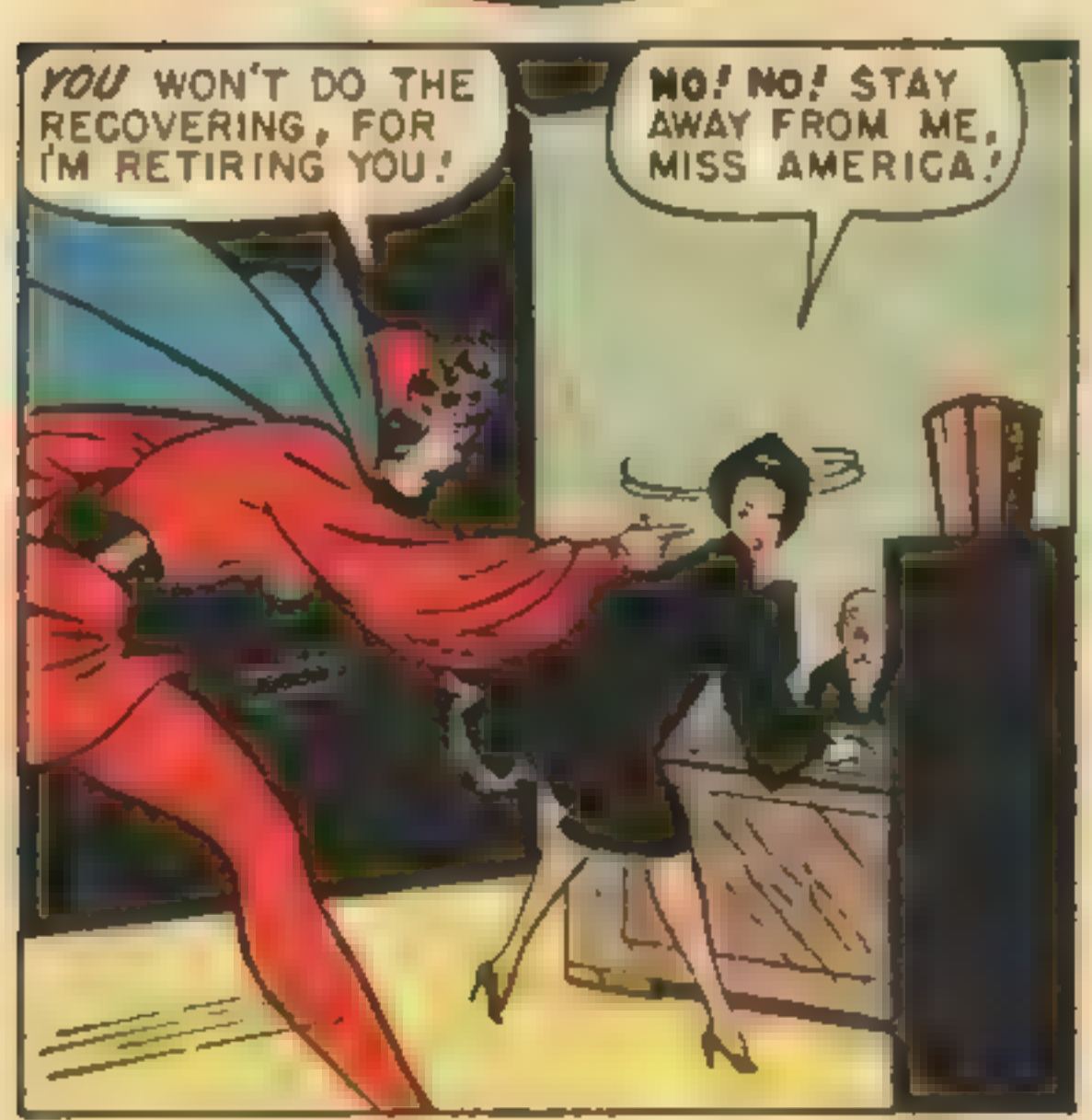
I SAW AN AD ABOUT ITS SPECIAL SERVICE OF DAY AND NIGHT BOX RENTALS—HEY!
SOUNDS LIKE IT! I'LL GET THERE FAST!


MEANWHILE, AT THE NACIONALIO!
ODD! I CAN'T FIND THE KEY TO THE BOX! I MUST OPEN IT AT ONCE! GUARD, GET ME A DUPLICATE KEY IMMEDIATELY PLEASE!
NOT WITHOUT PROOF OF YOUR IDENTITY, SIGNORA

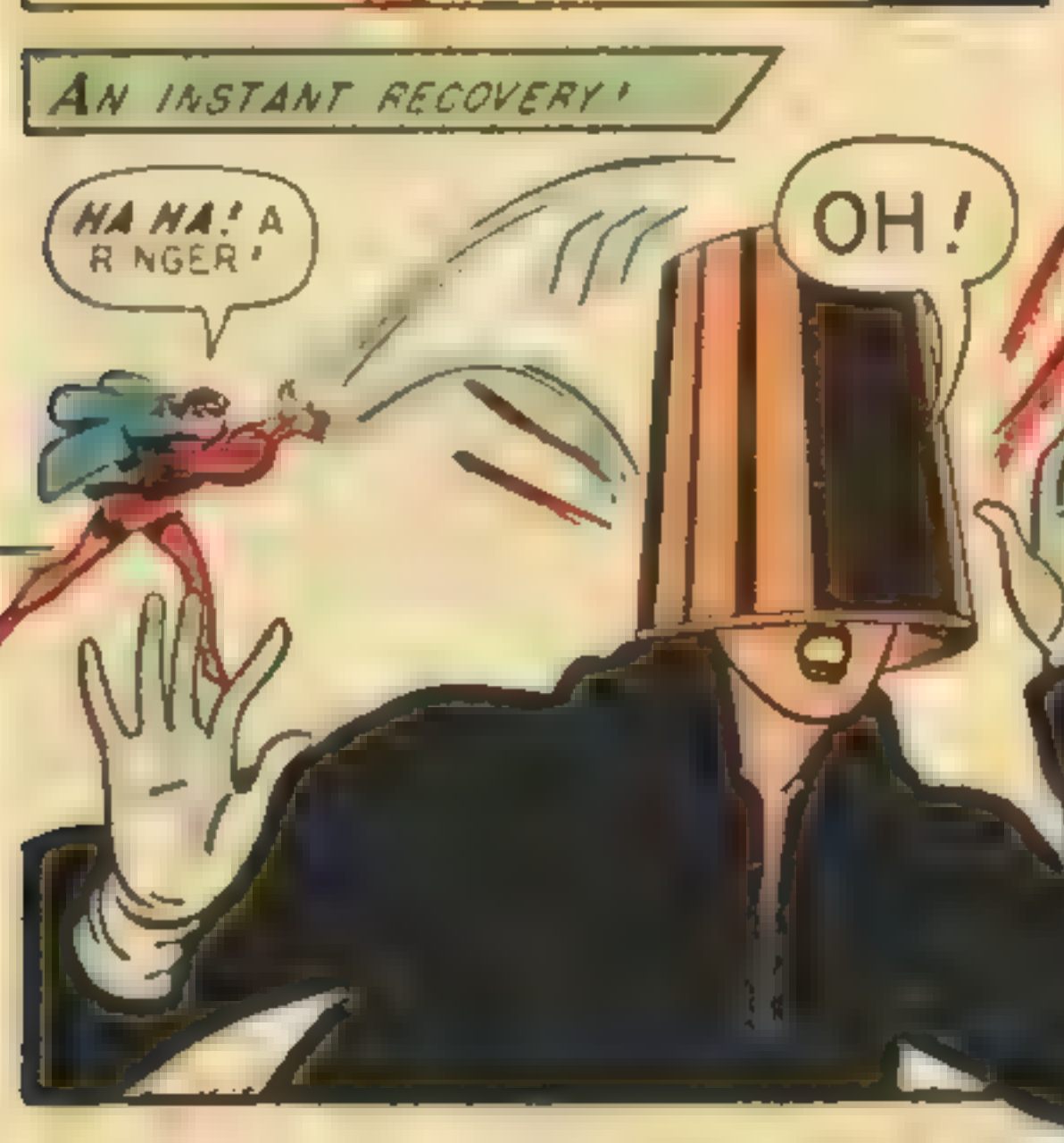

A SLIGHT DELAY, AND
SI, SIGNORA, THE SIGNATURE JUST WRITTEN CHECKS WITH THE ONE IN OUR FILES. GUARD A DUPLICATE KEY FOR THE SIGNORA
HURRY, PLEASE!
SI SIGNOR!


IT'S EMPTY! I'VE BEEN ROBBED!
YES, WHEN I WAS TALKING TO ELISE, THAT SOUND WE HEARD! NOW I KNOW! IT WAS THE WINDOW! SOMEONE CLIMBED FROM THE LEDGE INTO THE BEDROOM! MY PURSE WAS THERE,! BUT WHO!
242
252
243
253
25
245

SOMEONE STOLE MY KEY AND ROBBED MY DEPOSIT BOX! DO YOU REMEMBER A WOMAN, SOMEONE, GOING TO BOX 244 BEFORE THIS? I MUST RECOVER MY LOST PROPERTY!


YOU WON'T DO THE RECOVERING, FOR I'M RETIRING YOU!
NO! NO! STAY AWAY FROM ME, MISS AMERICA!

I SAW THAT MOVE COMING! SHE WON'T GET AWAY!


AN INSTANT RECOVERY!
HA HA! A R NGER!
OH!

AND IN ANOTHER MOMENT --- MISS AMERICA HAS HER PRISONER IN TOW AS THE POLICE ARRIVE!
TAKE THIS WOMAN INTO CUSTODY ON THE CHARGE OF ESPIONAGE, OFFICERS! THE U.S. GOVERNMENT WILL WANT HER FOR TRIAL!
SI, SIGNORA!

TH NK BACK! THE STOLEN PROPERTY CAN SHATTER THE WORLD EVEN FASTER THAN ATOM BOMBS! WHO WENT TO THAT BOX?

SO MANY PEOPLE IN AND OUT, ALL DAY!

I REMEMBER! A STOUT, MIDDLE-AGED, BROWN-HAIRED WOMAN W.TH A BLUE COAT!

THAT FITS MRS. ILES TO A "T"! HMM, SHE PROBABLY CAME IN A CAB! I'LL CHECK ON IT!

SNAP!

SEVERAL INQUIRIES AT HACKSTANDS, AND THEN...

SIGNORA WITH THE BLUE COAT? I DROVE HER AND A MAN FROM THE NACIONALIO ABOUT EIGHT MILES OUT — THE BERNADINO ROAD! THEY GOT OUT THERE. I THOUGHT THAT VERY STRANGE!

THEY DIDN'T WANT THEIR EXACT DESTINATION KNOWN!

MISS AMERICA QUICKLY TAKES TO THE AIR!

I'LL HEAD RIGHT OUT THERE AND HAVE A LOOK!

SHARP EYES SEARCHING, REVEAL...

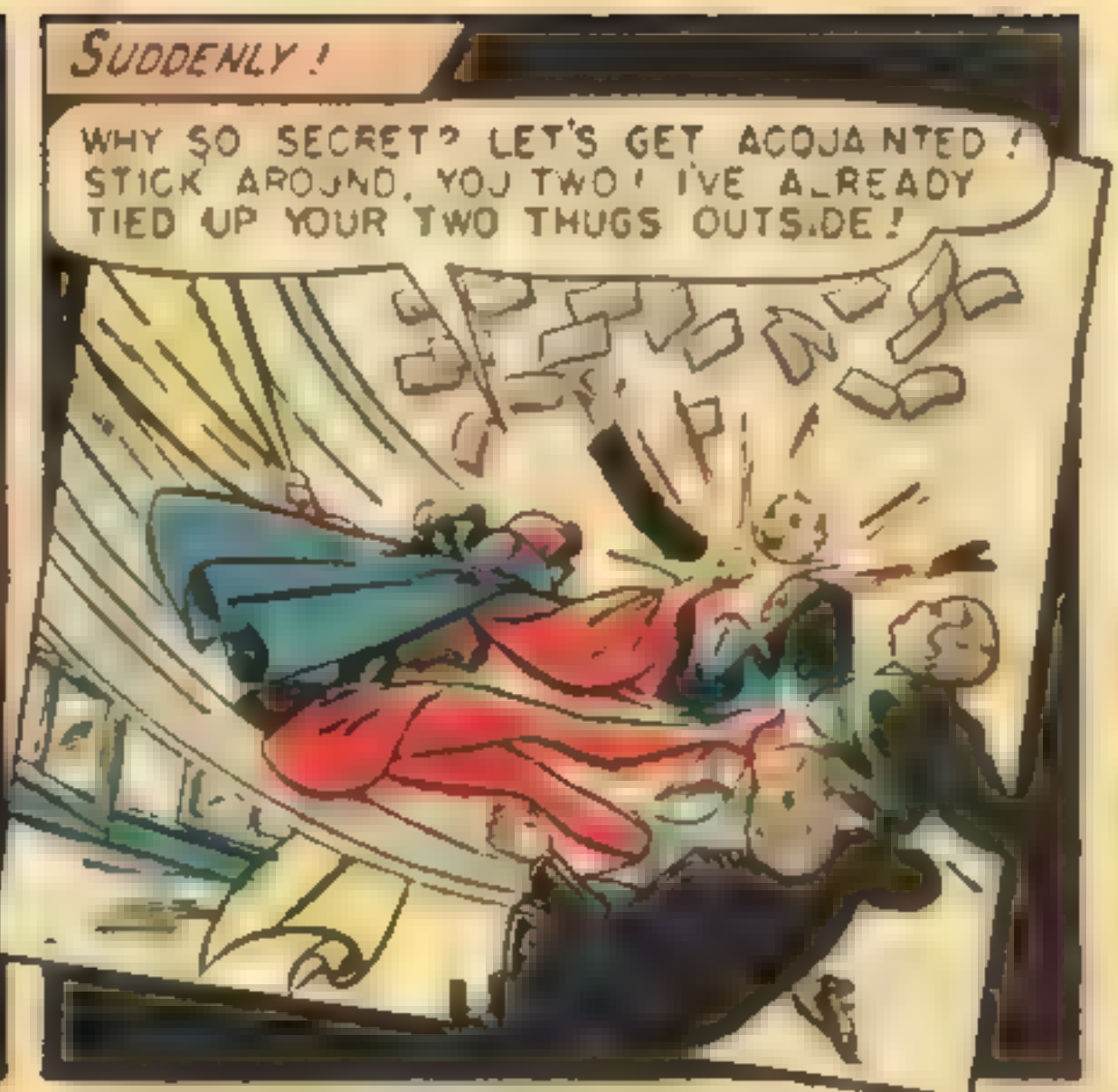
THERE'S A VERY SECLUDED OLD HOUSE. HMMM! THOSE MEN DOWN THERE! THEY LOOK LIKE THE ILES' HENCHMEN! YES, THIS IS THE PLACE, ALL RIGHT!

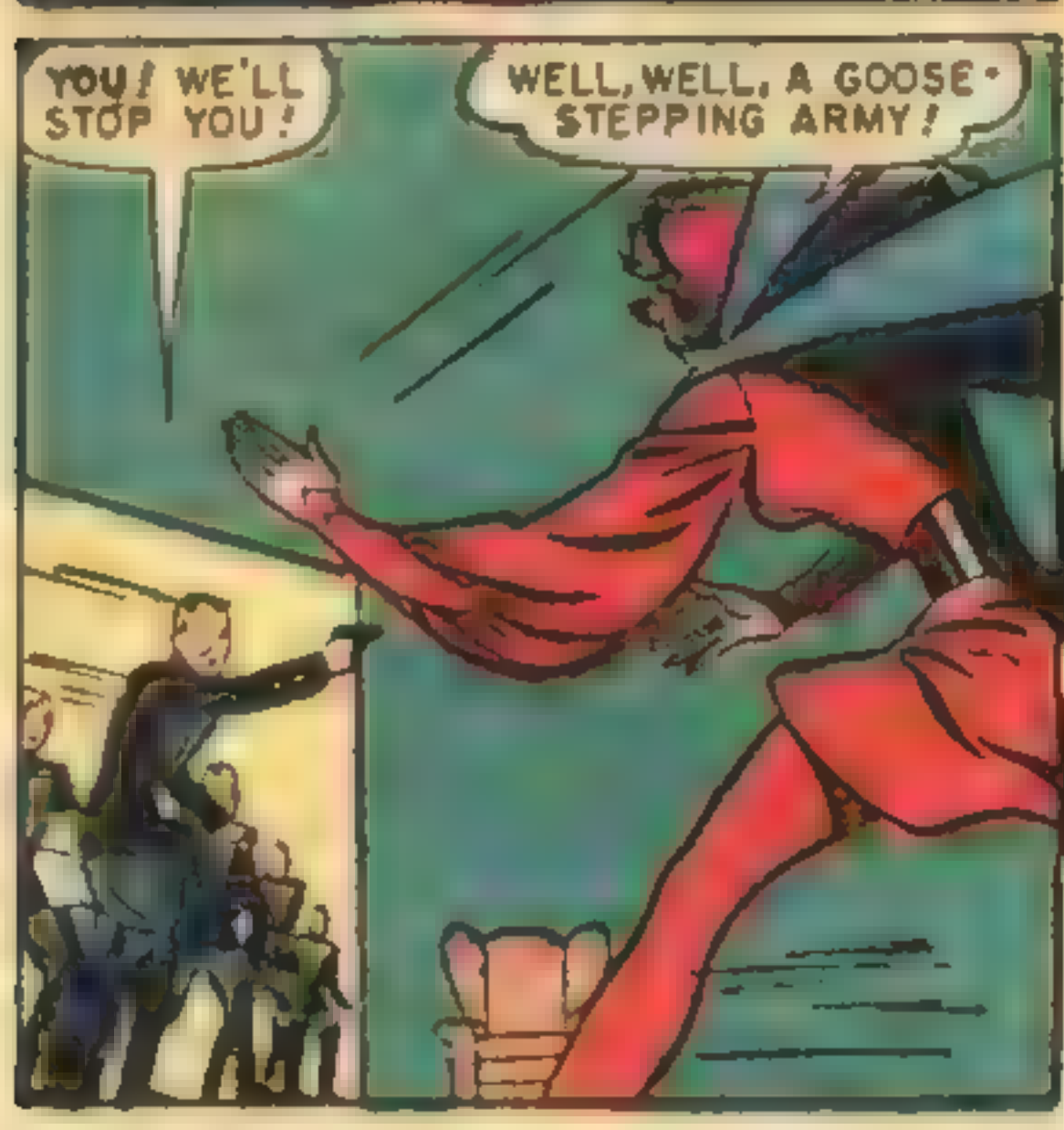
WHILE INSIDE THE TREE-SHROUDED HOUSE...

---YES, THE FORMULA IS GENUINE. MY EXPERTS HAVE CHECKED ON THE MICROFILM! LET US NOW CONCLUDE THIS TRANSACTION!

$250,000, MR. "M"!

HERE YOU ARE! ITS ALL IN NEGOTIABLE BONDS, SECURITIES AND CASH. NOW GO QUICKLY AND FORGET ME, EVEN AS "MR M". I WISH TO KEEP MY IDENTITY A SECRET!

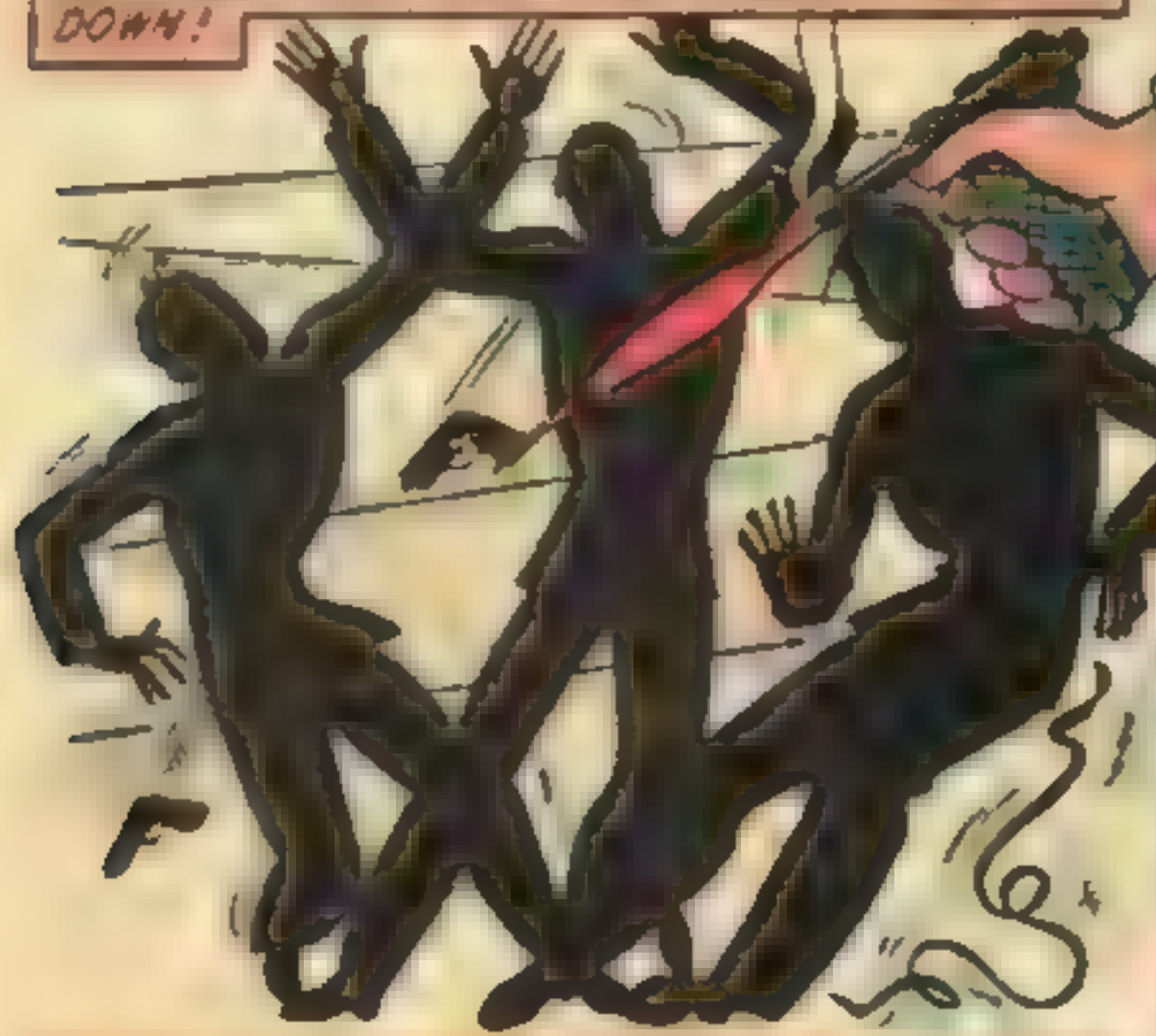

SUDDENLY!
WHY SO SECRET? LET'S GET ACQUAINTED! STICK AROUND, YOU TWO! I'VE ALREADY TIED UP YOUR TWO THUGS OUTSIDE!


YOU! WE'LL STOP YOU!
WELL, WELL, A GOOSE-STEPPING ARMY!

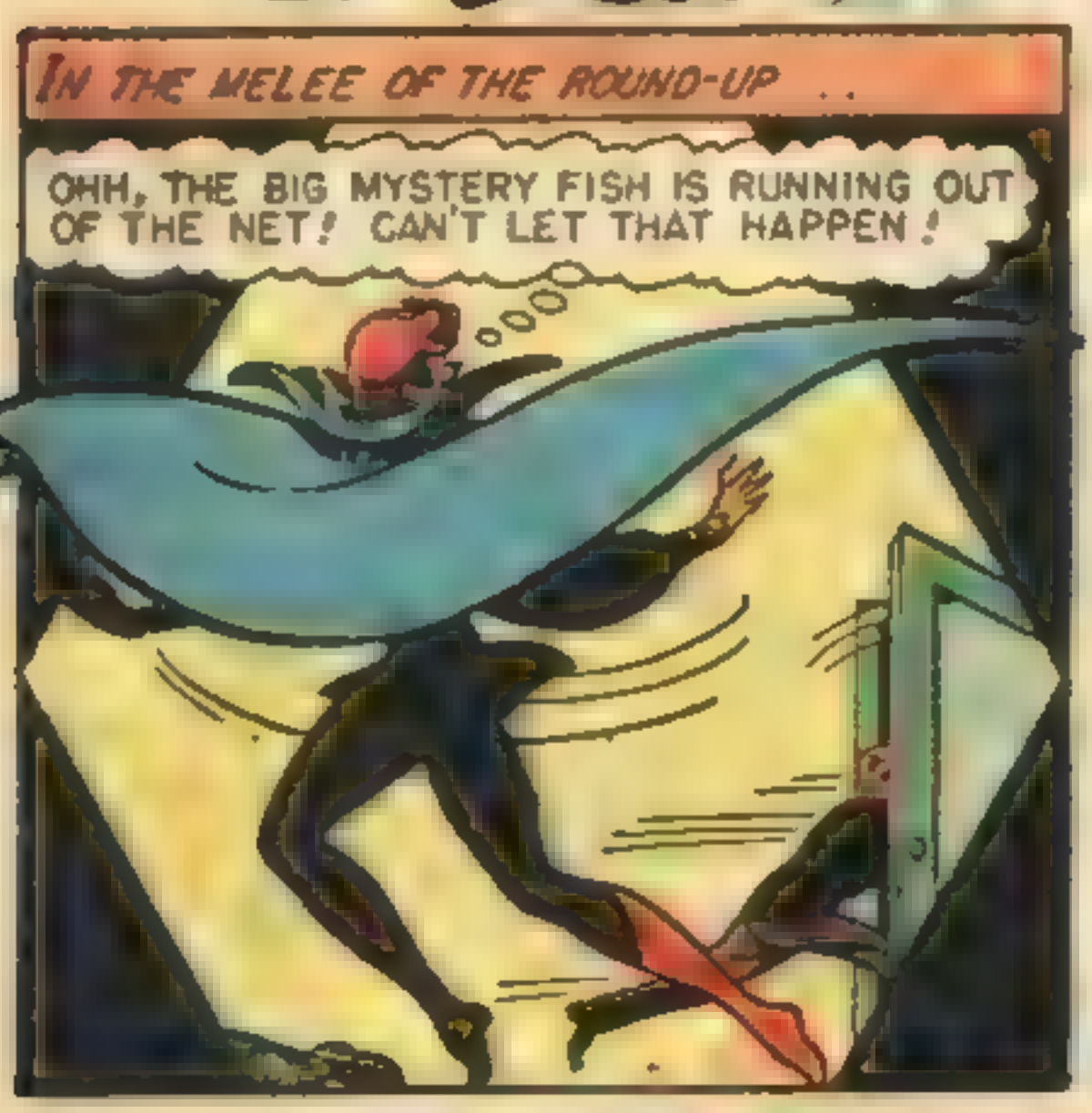
...WITH A COOKED GOOSE!

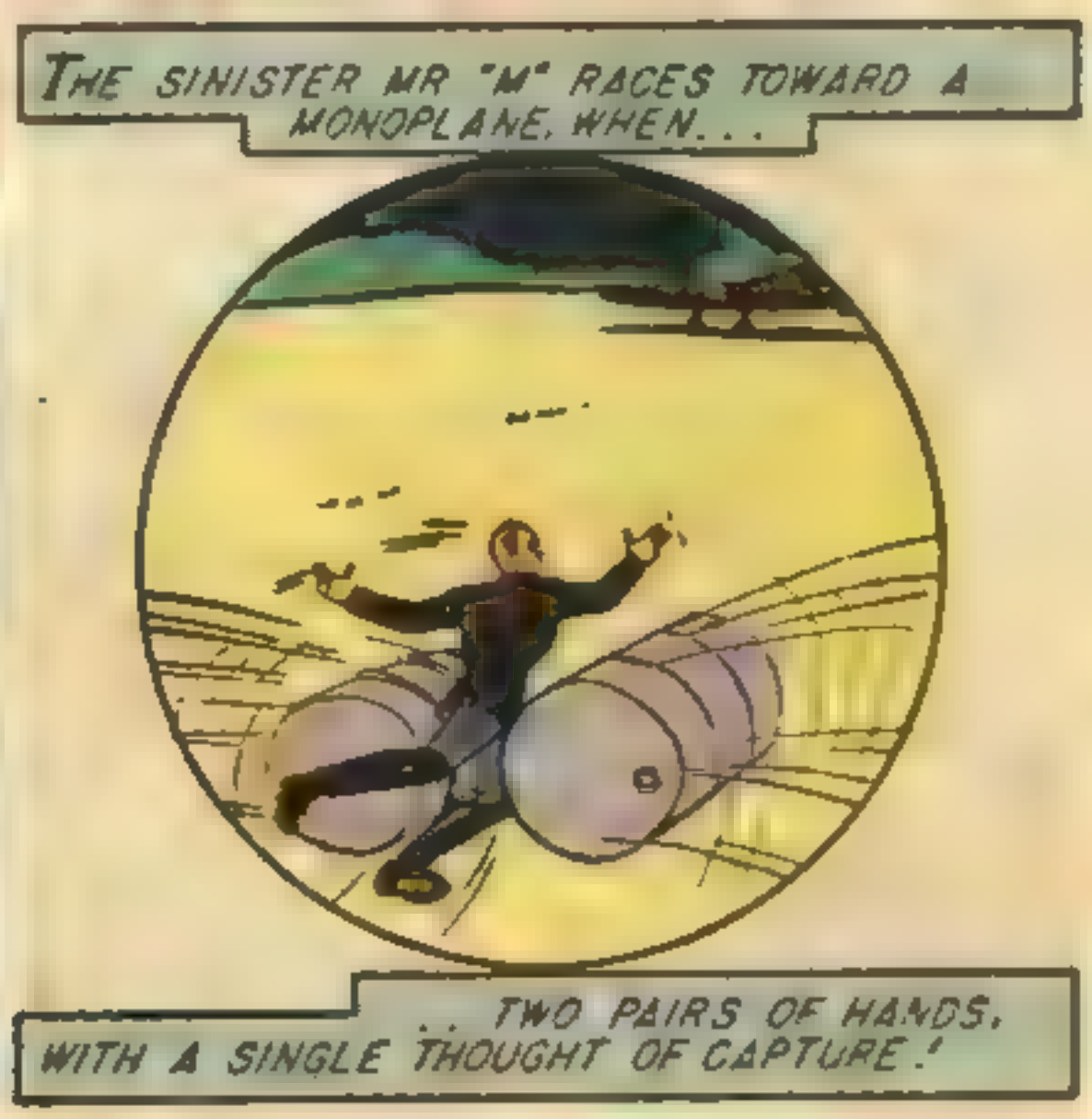
BUT!
I'M STILL TO BE RECKONED WITH, MISS AMERICA! WE SPOTTED YOUR EVERY MOVE FROM THE CASA DE LUTRIO! I KNEW YOU WOULD LEAD US TO THE RIGHT PLACE!

AHHH! THE MICROFILM! MINE, AT LAST! AND NO ONE WILL TRY TO TAKE IT NOW! YOU MEN, SHOOT THESE PEOPLE BEFORE THEY REVIVE!
OKAY, BOSS!

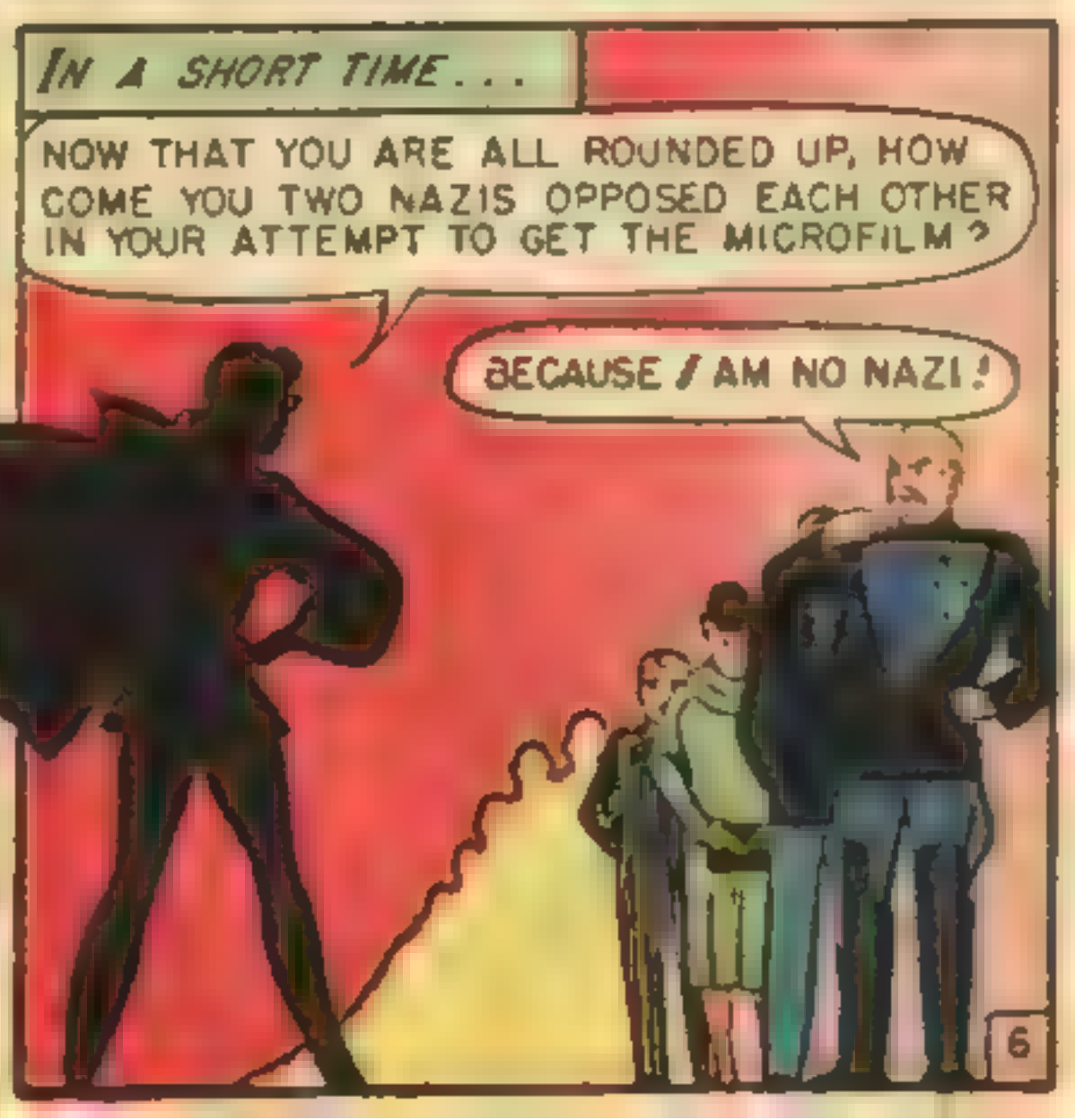

AS THE EXECUTIONERS RAISE DEADLY WEAPONS. THEY ARE MYSTERIOUSLY SHOT DOWN!

NEXT MOMENT, MISS AMERICA RECOVERS FROM THE CRASHING BLOW, TO SEE - - -
BANNING! COUNTERSPIES! HOW DID YOU...?
WE'LL EXPLAIN LATER! YOU'VE DONE A GREAT JOB, MISS AMERICA!


IN THE MELEE OF THE ROUND-UP . .
OHH, THE BIG MYSTERY FISH IS RUNNING OUT OF THE NET! CAN'T LET THAT HAPPEN!


THE SINISTER MR "M" RACES TOWARD A MONOPLANE, WHEN. . .
. . TWO PAIRS OF HANDS, WITH A SINGLE THOUGHT OF CAPTURE!

PETER! THEN YOU HURLED THE OTHER DRUM!
RIGHT! THE MOMENT I SAW HIM I RECOGNIZED THE MURDERER OF MY SISTER AND PARENTS! THE NAZI BUTCHER, GENERAL KESSELWOLFE!


IN A SHORT TIME. . .
NOW THAT YOU ARE ALL ROUNDED UP, HOW COME YOU TWO NAZIS OPPOSED EACH OTHER IN YOUR ATTEMPT TO GET THE MICROFILM?
BECAUSE I AM NO NAZI!

IN THE WAR I FOUGHT WITH THE NAZIS, HAVING NO CHOICE! BUT MY NON-MILITARY TITLE IS BARON, OF PRUSSIAN NOBILITY! WE OF THE PEERAGE ARE THE REAL SUPER-GERMANS, THE ONES FITTED FOR WORLD DOMINATION! THE NAZI LEADERS WERE THE UNCOUTH
UNCOUTH? YOU PRUSSIAN PIG!
"GENTLEMEN" DON'T QUIBBLE! THERE'S REALLY NO DIFFERENCE! ALL YOU RUTHLESS SCHEMERS FOR WORLD DOMINATION WERE OF ONE ROTTEN PIECE!
WHEN, SOMETIME LATER, MISS AMERICA RETURNS TO COUNTERSPY HEADQUARTERS.
YOU DID A MAGNIFICENT JOB, WHAT WITH BANNING SAFE, THE DREADED MICROFILM SAFE IN OUR HANDS, AS WELL AS THE EXPOSE LIST OF ESCAPED NAZI AGENTS! IN ROUNDING THEM UP, ONE OF THEM TURNED OUT TO BE HANS LUDWIG, NAZI CREATOR OF THE SUN-RAY CONDENSER. LUDWIG'S BEEN LIVING IN NEW YORK AS A REFUGEE. HE GOT THE MICROFILM TO MRS VARNHAM, WHO PROMISED TO GET IT TO THE NAZI BUNCH! INSTEAD, SHE PLANNED TO SELL IT TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER!
CUT-THROATS, ALL OF THEM! BUT, CHIEF, HOW DID YOUR MEN GET ON MY TRAIail, COMING TO KESSELWOLFE'S?
BY YOUR CABLE TO PICK UP MRS VARNHAM! WE KNEW YOU'D PICKED UP SOMETHING HOT, SO BANNING HAD THE BOYS IN BUENOS AIRES CHECKING HOTELS FOR MRS. VARNHAM. BUT THEY RAN INTO PETER, OR RATHER LOUIS REMIENS, WHO TIPPED US OFF TO THE NACIONALIO! YOU KNOW THE REST!
I SEE! AND, CHIEF, THE MICROFILM?
7
WE'VE LOCKED THE MICROFILM AWAY, FOR KEEPS, WE HOPE!
SO DO I, BECAUSE PEACE FOR GOOD AND ALL IS WHAT WE MUST HAVE, OR CIVILIZATION WILL BE COMPLETELY DESTROYED! AND CHIEF, WHO WANTS TO START ALL OVER AGAIN LIKE ADAM!
THE END.

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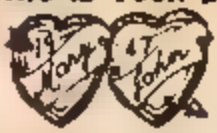
WHO IS YOUR BEST FRIEND SWEETHEART?



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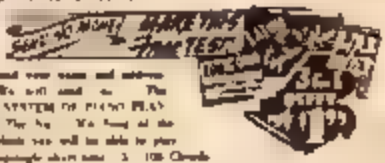

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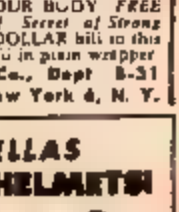

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ONCE A SOLDIER . . .

STAFF sergeant Lindstrom checked over his roster sheet and found his detail fully accounted for. He grunted once, then turned in the list to the officer at the desk. From the absolute silence outside, one would never know that thirty veterans were about to be discharged. No joyous shouts or grins were passed around; instead, there were a few wagging tails and an occasional snort. The last dogs of the K-9 Corps in this sector were quite unconcerned about it all.

The officer said, "No question about their detraining?"

Lindstrom shook his head. "No, sir. They were a hard lot to break back to civilian life, but they're okay now. Guess we can close the station up."

Captain Telly grinned. Yes, the station could close. This last batch were the toughies, the most difficult to detrain. He sighed in relief and closed the folder. "You can crate the dogs now, Sergeant. See that they are all tagged. We don't want any returns, you know." Lindstrom smiled grimly, saluted sharply and left the office.

That was three days ago. The express truck, loaded into a top heavy position with assorted packages, rounded the mountain curve too fast and the huge German shepherd dog in the crate on the tailboard rolled to the side and sniffed in anxiety. He didn't like this confinement, the uneasy feeling of insecurity on a rickety old van. He had been on many a trip before, but always there were men around smelling of gun oil and leather, with a friendly pat and a smile for him. His former life of romping in a back yard was obscured now, a vaguely remembered feeling that there can be other pleasures, too. Another bump and Pete climbed to his feet, sniffing through the slats, worry wrinkles showing on his brow.

They were well founded. The truck rounded a bend with tires screaming and two crates flew off and smashed into the shoulder of the road Pete picked himself out of the wreckage, favoring a front paw. The truck was out of sight, unaware of its lost cargo. The dog sniffed the other package, a box of tinned goods, ignored them and climbed to the highway. Instinctively, he began a limping trot after the truck. Around the bend a town came into view, nestled between the elbows of twin ridges. Pete saw the truck by-pass the town and lose itself on the winding road

Callahan, the owner of the hardware store, pushed the door open. "Your dog, sheriff?" he asked. The heavy set man with the revolver at his waist shook his head.

"Not mine. He's been out there all morning now. Want him?"

"Uh-uh. He looks vicious. Belongs to somebody, though. Got a tag on his neck." Pete stuck his nose in the door and wagged his tail. That day he began making friends in the town of Calvin. Somebody saw the number tattooed in his ear and knew that he was a vet. The evening paper carried a note in a humorous tone that a former soldier had moved to town. Storekeepers saw to it that he had a bone and plenty of food, and always there was a refreshing drink of cool pump water waiting for him outside the sheriff's office.

But as dogs will, he began to roam, finding new fields, new playmates. He was seen all over the country. That started his undoing. Charlie Walker stomped into the sheriff's office one afternoon, his face a black thunder cloud.

"Sheriff," he growled, "that dog you got around here has got to be shot. He's killing my sheep."

"Aw, Charlie, lay off, will you? Right now I have a report on some killers headed this way and have to patrol the roads. Besides, how do you know he did it?"

"I saw him in the fields. Later when I went out there was blood on the ground and a trail leading to the woods where he dragged the carcass."

The sheriff talked Charlie out of his anger, but that was only the beginning. Others came in. First it was chickens, then more sheep. One hill farmer lost a calf. Between the killers that were supposed to be in hiding in the county and the dog, Sheriff Dale was at his wit's end. Those who saw Peter roaming took a shot at him, but bullets were nothing new to him. He went into a crouch and slunk off, knowing that his former friends had turned against him. Rarely was he seen near town these days.

Twelve o'clock Saturday afternoon Sheriff Dale was about to close the office. The phone blared on its cradle. Wearily, the sheriff picked it up. "Hello, Sheriff Dale speaking."

"Sheriff, this is Charlie Walker." The voice was furious. "I have two more dead sheep on my hands again and I just saw that dog trotting off into the woods. Either you come up and flush him out or I'll see to it that you don't get re-elected next year!"

With that he hung up. The time for action had arrived and Dale didn't like his job at all. But, if the dog was a killer, he had to go. He picked up his gun and walked out to the car.

Charlie showed him the bloody trails and left him there. Slowly, he began to follow them, when his heart began to hammer inside his chest. Those sheep had been killed and dragged, all right, but whoever did the dragging was walking in front of the carcass, which was something a dog *couldn't* do! Not only that, but the thief was careful enough to try to cover his tracks, only he wasn't an expert at the job. Clearly outlined in the soil was the print of a man's heel. He was at the tree line before he knew it, his gun clenched in his fist. It was quite plain now. He could see the reason behind the dead animals. He stumbled through the brush, branches ripping at his clothes, following the trail. It caught up with him in a small clearing. There was a shot, another, and two men ran toward him shouting as they came. Dale emptied his pistol, tugging bullets from his belt to reload. One of the men grabbed his chest and fell.

Dale was punching the empties from the chambers when the bullet kicked the gun out of his hand. He reached for it, but a voice snarled at him. "One more inch and I'll blow your head off!" The sheriff turned. He should have grabbed for the gun anyway. The unshaven guy in front of him was going to kill him whether he reached or not.

The gun came up, slowly, taking deliberate aim at the sheriff. A wicked snarl came from the grass, a lean, brown body detached itself from the ground and flew into the man, teeth sinking into flesh. With a scream the man dropped the gun, trying to beat the snapping form of Pete off him. Somehow he wrenched a knife from his pocket with his good hand. Metal flashed in the light, but the blade never landed.

Pete was in action again. It was war and he knew the enemy. Things that he had been taught not to do came back with a rush. His teeth bared, grabbed a throat and the war was over. Pete crawled to Sheriff Dale and licked his hand. Grinning, Dale patted him on the head in unspoken praise. Those killers . . . they were the ones who butchered the animals for food while they hid out in the woods. They'd butcher no more!

The paper tried to give Dale all the credit, but he would have none of it. Charlie, and a dozen others apologized with bones to Pete, and he accepted them gratefully. Yes, Pete was a killer, but a soldier killer. He couldn't be kept in a house, that was out. But when the question of Pete came up, Dale had the answer. "Pete," he said, "has a job. I hereby appoint him . . . Deputy Sheriff!"

The motion was carried . . . unanimously!

THE END

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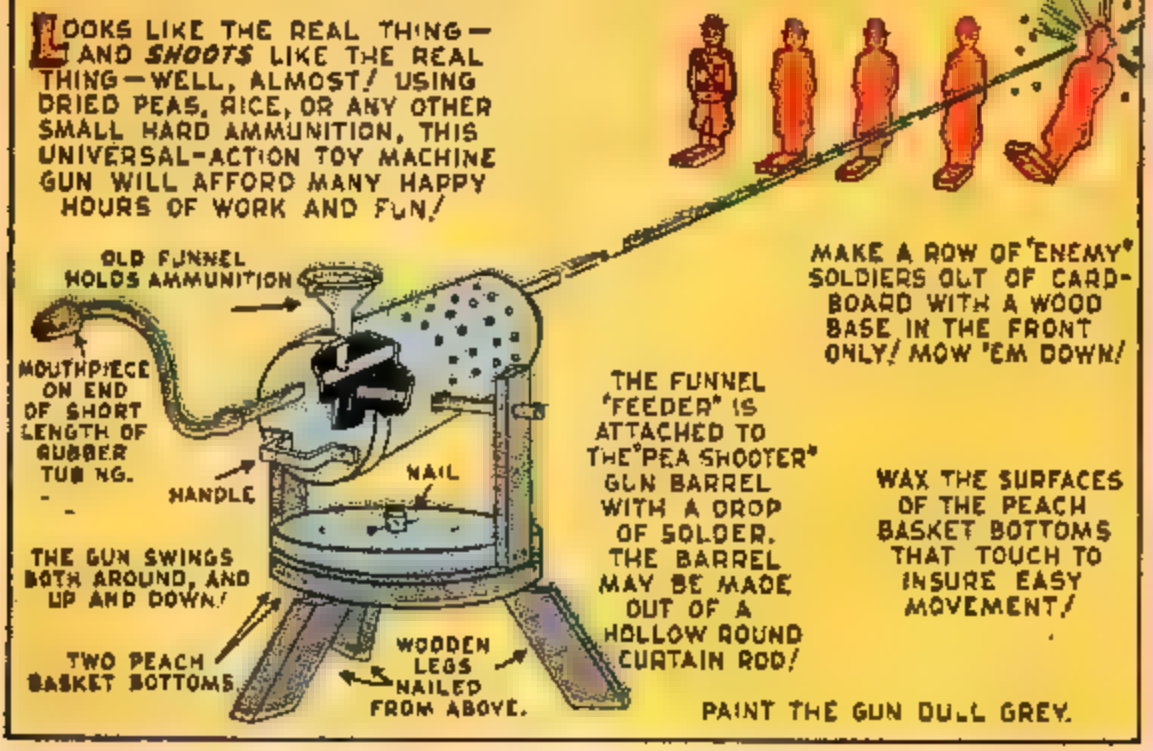

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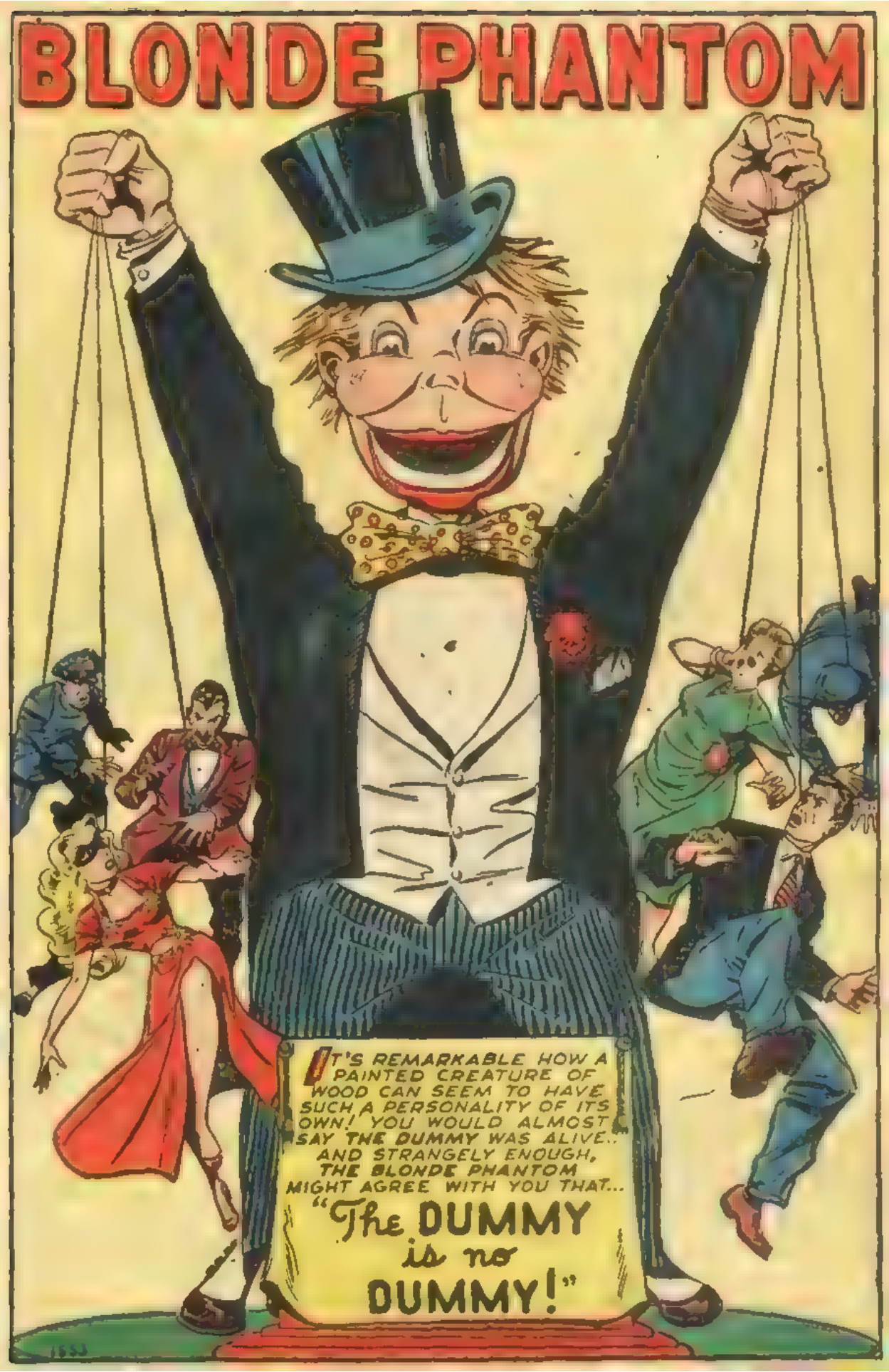
BLONDE PHANTOM
IT'S REMARKABLE HOW A PAINTED CREATURE OF WOOD CAN SEEM TO HAVE SUCH A PERSONALITY OF ITS OWN! YOU WOULD ALMOST SAY THE DUMMY WAS ALIVE.. AND STRANGELY ENOUGH, THE BLONDE PHANTOM MIGHT AGREE WITH YOU THAT...
"The DUMMY is no DUMMY!"

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AND IN MASON'S OFFICE
AS USUAL, THE PAPERS GIVE ME CREDIT! BUT I'D NEVER HAVE SOLVED THIS CASE WITHOUT YOU, BLONDE PHANTOM!
THANKS MARK! BUT IT'S TIME I WAS LEAVING!
JUST A MINUTE! EVERY TIME A CASE IS OVER YOU SIMPLY DISAPPEAR INTO THE BLUE! ISN'T IT TIME WE GOT 'BETTER ACQUAINTED?
HOW DO YOU MEAN?
WELL THERE'S A NEW SHOW AT THE LA VIE NIGHT CLUB! OMAR, THE FAMOUS VENTRILOQUIST, AND HIS DUMMY.. HOW ABOUT GOING THERE WITH ME?
WHY NOT? AS HIS SECRETARY, LOUISE GRANT, HE NEVER PAYS ANY ATTENTION TO ME!
IT'S A DATE, IF YOU DON'T MIND MY GOING IN COSTUME?
ALL RIGHT! I DON'T MIND THE GAWKERS IF YOU DON'T!
AT THE SWANK LA VIE NIGHT CLUB..
LOOK WHO'S COMING IN, OMAR! THAT GAL RATES A WHISTLE! HEH--HEH!
SHE EVEN RATES A FIRE-SIREN IN THAT COSTUME! WHAT A GORGEOUS HUNK OF BLONDE MAPLE! HEH-HEH!
2

I TOLD YOU- YOU WERE BOUND TO ATTRACT ATTENTION IN THAT COSTUME!
I DON'T MIND! AND THE DUMMY IS FUNNY... TOO BAD HIS ACT IS ALMOST OVER!
THANK YOU, MY FRIENDS! THE DUMMY AND I WILL RETURN FOR THE MIDNIGHT SHOW!
CLAP!
CLAP!
AS OMAR DISAPPEARS BEHIND THE CURTAINS. THE LIGHTS GO OUT AND...
HELP! MY BRACELET!
WHAT'S THAT?
AND MY NECKLACE HAS BEEN STOLEN TOO!
THERE GOES THE THIEF NOW!
HE CAME IN HERE!
OMAR! SO YOU'RE THE THIEF!
I BEG YOUR PARDON?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT! I'VE BEEN BACKSTAGE SINCE I FINISHED MY ACT!
HMMM!
THAT'S RIGHT! HE'S BEEN HERE ALL THE TIME!
13

OMAR COULDN'T HAVE BEEN IN PLAIN VIEW ALL THE TIME! BECAUSE SOMEWHERE OR OTHER HE FOUND A PLACE TO GET RID OF HIS DUMMY!
LATER..
I WANT ANOTHER TALK WITH HIM, PRIVATELY! IF HE DIDN'T STEAL THOSE JEWELS, I'VE A HUNCH THAT HE KNOWS WHO DID!
VOICES!
NEXT TIME BE MORE CAREFUL! WE WERE NEARLY CAUGHT TONIGHT!
JUST LET ME HANDLE THIS, CHUM!..WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM, A DUMMY?
OMAR HAD A HELPER! HE'S IN THERE WITH HIM NOW!
I CAUGHT BOTH OF YOU THIS TIME..ER
YOU AGAIN! ARE YOU STILL SNOOPING AROUND?
I KNOW I HEARD TWO OF YOU! WHERE IS THE OTHER MAN?
NO ONE IS IN HERE BUT ME AND THE DUMMY!
SURELY YOU CANNOT SUSPECT A POOR LITTLE CREATURE OF PAINT AND WOOD?
OOOHH!

WHAT WILL WE DO WITH HER DUMMY?

SHE KNOWS TOO MUCH NOW! WE'LL KILL HER AND FEED HER BODY TO...

KNOCK KNOCK

SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR!

DON'T GET EXCITED! LOCK HER IN THAT CABINET! WE CAN ATTEND TO HER LATER!

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I AM MRS CALVERT'S CHAUFFEUR! SHE SAW YOUR PERFORMANCE, AND WANTS YOUR ACT FOR HER CHARITY BALL! SHE'LL PAY ANYTHING YOU ASK!

LEAD THE WAY CHUM! I ALWAYS *PINED* FOR A LOOK AT MRS. CALVERT. AND IT'S TIME I *CEDAR*... HEH-HEH!

HUH?

FOR A MINUTE, I THOUGHT THE DUMMY WAS ACTUALLY TALKING! THIS WAY, PLEASE!

YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE, DUMMY!

YOU SHOULDN'T LEAVE THE BLONDE PHANTOM IN OUR DRESSING ROOM!

THE BLONDE PHANTOM CAN'T GET AWAY! SHE'LL SUFFOCATE IN THAT CABINET!

AND AT THIS MOMENT...

I CAN'T BUDGE IT! I'M LOCKED IN! AND — AND I *CAN'T* BREATHE!

THE BLONDE PHANTOM'S FRANTIC EFFORTS TO ESCAPE ONLY FURTHER EXHAUST THE OXYGEN WITHIN HER NARROW PRISON!
GASP! LOOKS LIKE---THIS---IS--- FINISH! WHAT A QUEER--- WAY TO DIE...
GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT HAPPENED?
I MUST HAVE TOUCHED A HIDDEN SPRING, AND THE CABINET GAVE WAY!
THAT DRESSING ROOM MUST HAVE BEEN USED BY A STAGE MAGICIAN! AND THAT CABINET WAS USED IN ONE OF HIS DISAPPEARING TRICKS! ONLY THIS TIME IT SAVED MY LIFE!
I OVERHEARD OMAR ACCEPT AN INVITATION TO THE CALVERT BALL! I'LL INVITE MYSELF ALONG TOO! BUT I BETTER HURRY!
HEY! COME BACK HERE!
HE MUST BE ONE OF THE COPS INVESTIGATING THE NIGHT CLUB ROBBERY! NO TIME TO TELL HIM I'M TRYING TO PREVENT ANOTHER ONE!
BESIDES I DON'T MIND BEING CHASED! ARRIVING WITH A POLICE ESCORT WILL JUST MAKE MY JOB EASIER!
SCREECH

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE NIGHT CLUB

THE BLONDE PHANTOM'S BEEN GONE A LONG TIME! I'D BETTER

AREN'T YOU MARK MASON?

THE POLICE HAVEN'T FOUND THE MEN WHO STOLE MY JEWELRY! I'LL PAY YOU FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS TO RECOVER THEM FOR ME!

YOU'VE JUST HIRED YOURSELF A DETECTIVE!

THIS TIME I CAN'T RELY ON THE BLONDE PHANTOM FOR HELP! I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE SHE IS!

MEANWHILE AT THE CALVERT CHARITY BALL, OMAR AND THE DUMMY HAVE JUST CONCLUDED THEIR PERFORMANCE.

OH, HE'S A DARLING!

THANK THE WOMAN FOR HER COMPLIMENT! THAT'S A GOOD BOY!

SURE, I'LL THANK HER! AND I'LL TAKE ALONG THIS LITTLE BAUBLE AS A KEEPSAKE! HEH HEH! I'M NO DUMMY!

SUDDENLY

YOUR ACT IS REALLY OVER NOW! GIVE BACK THAT NECKLACE! AND HAND OVER THE JEWELRY YOU STOLE AT THE LA VIE NIGHT CLUB!

BLONDE PHANTOM!

BEAT IT, OMAR! I'LL PLUG THE DAME!

MISSED!

EEEEEK! HE'S ALIVE!

AS OMAR IS LEAVING, THE POLICE ARRIVE!
COPS!
HOLD ON! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?
I AM GETTING OUT OF HERE!
WHY NOT STAY AWHILE? YOU'RE AWFULLY POPLAR!
OOOOF!
I SAW HIM RUNNING WITH MY OWN EYES! IS HE ALIVE?
UNDER THAT DISGUISE YOU'LL FIND A VERY REAL LITTLE MIDGET, WITH A FONDNESS FOR OTHER PEOPLE'S JEWELRY!
IT'S REALLY QUITE AN OLD TRICK PRETENDING TO BE AN AUTOMATON, BUT THE "DUMMY" WAS A MASTER OF THE ART!
HERE ARE THE JEWELS! WE'D NEVER HAVE CAUGHT HIM IF WE WEREN'T CHASING YOU FOR TAKING THAT MOTORCYCLE!
GIVE MARK MASON THE CREDIT! I WAS JUST.. UH... WORKING FOR HIM ON THIS CASE!
LATER, IN MARK MASON'S OFFICE...
A CHECK FOR FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS!
THE BLONDE PHANTOM SOLVED THE CASE, BUT SHE LETS YOU COLLECT THE REWARD! NOT A BAD EVENING'S WORK! MAYBE YOU SHOULD TAKE HER OUT MORE OFTEN!
THE END

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Yes, it's here at last. . . . Radio's mighty postwar midget! Look at its streamlined cabinet/of lovely, lustrous plastic . . . so tiny you can hold it in the palm of your hand. Listen to its rich fidelity . . . so powerful you can tune in stations 50 miles away. You'll agree that **RADARADIO** at only $7.98 is a postwar dream come true. Yes, unbelievable as it may sound, we will send your **RADARADIO** complete with a personal earphone and headpiece for only $7.98. However, our present supply is limited and we can guarantee **IMMEDIATE DELIVERY** only if you **ACT NOW!**

USE IT ANYWHERE . . .

★ On camping trips ★ In the kitchen ★ In bed
★ At the beach ★ At school ★ On a boat ★ In the car

CHECK THESE ULTRA-MODERN FEATURES

★ **COMPLETE AERIAL and GROUND KIT**
★ **Streamlined Ivory Plastic Cabinet**
★ **Highly-Selective Tuning Dial**
★ **Picks Up Stations Within 50-Mile Radius**
★ **Private Earphone Prevents Disturbing Others**
★ **Patented Decoupling Circuit**
★ **Extra-Sensitive RADARADIO Crystal Detector**
★ **Patented Compression Type Condenser**

YOU MAY *Win Fame and Fortune in Radio* FOR PROFIT FOR PLEASURE *Be the Life of the Party*

PROFESSIONAL-TYPE

RADIO MIKE

ATTACHES *in a jiffy* TO ANY RADIO

For Only **$1.98** POST-PAID

Includes PROFESSIONAL RADIO ARTISTS COURSE *Free!*

Yours to keep FREE...even if you return your microphone for refund

Through Your Own Radio

Now **SING TALK ACT**

SEND NO MONEY

Merely clip this ad and mail today. Pay postman only $1.98 plus postage. Or send $2.00 and save postage. If not delighted return RADIO MIKE for complete refund, and keep your Radio Artists Course as a FREE GIFT. *Act Now!* Remember you can order with confidence from

BROADCASTING FUN FOR ALL THE FAMILY

Your friends will be amazed and mystified when your voice comes popping right out of your radio. Yes, it's just like broadcasting and you can actually create your own radio shows. Obtain valuable radio experience, improve your diction. Send for your Professional-Type RADIO MIKE *today!* Think of the fun you'll have at parties, using it to put on shows, singing songs, cutting in on regular radio broadcasts with your own "news flashes." Remember, in addition to receiving a professional-type RADIO MIKE for only $1.98, you also get a complete RADIO ARTISTS COURSE that may help you prepare for a career in radio.

Don't delay another moment . . . for the time of your life . . . send for your RADIO MIKE and professional RADIO ARTISTS COURSE *today!*

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, INC., 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. RR 49

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, INC., 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. RM 10

MEN! Beautiful Matching Genuine Leather Western BILLFOLD, POCKET FLASHLIGHT and COWHIDE Western BELT—

De Luxe Quality

Beautiful WESTERN DESIGN!

GENUINE LEATHER

BILLFOLD CLOSED

BUILT-IN CHANGE PURSE

BILLFOLD OPEN

BUILT-IN PASS CASE

all Three BELT, BILLFOLD and FLASHLIGHT only—

Only $2.98

THE BELT Men! Go western for the smartest, most comfortable, toughest wearing belt you've ever owned. Here is a beautiful Cowhide Belt that's certain to make a big hit with every man who wants a rich looking stylish belt that will hold without binding when buckled. Look at these features! *Genuine Beautiful Antique Tan Finish* expertly hand-stamped from end to end in Tooled Spanish Design by skilled belt craftsmen; gives this Texas Beauty Belt that ultra-smart, rich appearance everyone admires. Belt comes standard width in sizes from 28 to 46 and has an all-metal buckle. Has a supporting leather strip underneath so belt can't slip.

THE BILLFOLD You've never known real Billfold satisfaction until you've used this "Western Style" De Luxe Pass Case Billfold with its Built-In Change Purse, its roomy Currency Compartment, its Secret Pocket for extra valuables. A veritable storehouse for everything a man likes to carry with him. Exterior is of smart Genuine Leather designed in picturesque style of the West. Embossed illustrations are stamped by hand right into the leather itself. A Billfold of unusual beauty with many unusual and serviceable features.

THE FLASHLIGHT Here's the handiest flashlight you've ever seen. Fits into vest pocket, purse or slacks. Measures only 1¾" wide x 2¼" high and can be held in palm of hand. All metal construction exclusive of fittings. Throws a clear beam of light through center opening. In addition, the plastic reflector which encircles bulb gives off a bright red glow. A flick of the finger quickly turns switch on or off as desired. Ideal for finding keys or locating light buttons in the dark, for tinkering around workshop or auto, and hundreds of other uses. Beautifully finished in duratone color. Complete with batteries.

YOU TAKE NO RISK ORDERING THIS BEAUTIFUL MATCHING SET

We sincerely believe that this 3-piece Western set of belt, billfold and flashlight represents the finest value of its kind to be found anywhere. Convince yourself by comparing our low price of $2.98 with what you would have to pay elsewhere. We're sure you'll agree that here's a beautiful matching set you can't afford to pass up. Rush your order at once and see for yourself. SEND NO MONEY! Just mail coupon and pay postman on arrival. If, after you receive your belt, billfold and flashlight set, you aren't more than pleased in every respect with the appearance and quality of this outstanding value, just return within 10 days and your money will be promptly refunded in full.

ALL-METAL POCKET FLASHLIGHT

- Ideal for home, workshop, auto and dozens of other uses.
- Complete with batteries.
- Equipped with red plastic reflector which serves as a warning signal.

Examine For 10 Days On Money-Back Guarantee

SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 2900
1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.

☐ Send me the beautiful matching Genuine Leather Western Billfold, Pocket Flashlight and Cowhide Western Belt as pictured above. I will pay the postman on arrival only $2.98 C.O.D. plus 20c Federal tax and few cents postage. I must be fully satisfied with my purchase or will return within 10 days for full refund.

This is my belt size (state your size from 28 to 46) _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

☐ To save all shipping charges I am enclosing in advance with this order $2.98 plus 20c Fed. Tax (total $3.20). Ship me set Postage Prepaid.

WHILE THEY LAST

★ ALL BRAND NEW ★

Genuine U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES FLYING HELMETS

WAR SURPLUS CLOSE-OUT

Olive drab fabric . . . sheepskin ear-pads . . . leather chin strap adjustable with sheepskin no-chafe pad. Complete with original clips and straps designed for attachment flyers eyeshields, radio earphones and oxygen equipment. In original packing. You can't duplicate value for $5 today! Mail coupon today.

Only $1.49

Eye Shield included without Extra Cost

Dust-proof, wind-proof no-glare eyeshields included for prompt action. Eyeshields are brand new war surplus. Wonderful for winter and summer wear. Felt padded across forehead, snug fitting. Complete with adjustable strap. Equal of eyeshields selling for 75c and more. Mail coupon today.

Only war surplus close-out could bring you this value! Show this ad to Mother and Dad. Remember, supply is limited and when they're gone, this bargain will be gone forever. These helmets and gift eyeshields can't be made again for anywhere this close-out price. So mail your order today!

MOTHERS . . . These Helmets Today's Best Buy

For play, for school and even for Sunday, winter, fall and summer, these war surplus flyers helmets are ideal for boys from 6 to 14. Warm, serviceable. And the kids love them!

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

SEND NO MONEY

These are the official U. S. Army Air Forces Flying Helmets and they are just perfect for everyday play and school wear. Built for rough use. See for yourself on this trial and approval offer. Check size wanted and mail coupon. On arrival deposit only $1.49 plus C.O.D. postage thru postman. Do it on the guarantee you must be thrilled and delighted with your U. S. Army Air Force Flyers Helmet and goggles or you may return for full refund. But take this friendly warning . . . DON'T WAIT. They will go fast at this $1.49 close-out price. So mail your order today!

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Send the genuine war surplus U. S. ARMY AIR FORCE FLYERS HELMET and gift eyeshields. On arrival I'll pay postman $1.49 plus C.O.D. postage on guarantee I must be satisfied or I may return in 10 days for money back. (Send $1.49 money order with this coupon and Miller pays postage).

CHECK SIZE: ☐ Large ☐ Medium ☐ Small

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....